

THE STORY OF
JACKSON CITY
(BREATHITT COUNTY)
THE INSPIRATION OF
THE NEW KENTUCKY

BY
LOUIS PILCHER

AUTHOR OF

The Story of Hazard (Perry County;) the Pearl of the Mountains
Also the Story of Whitesburg (Letcher County);
The Open Sesame to Midas' Mines.



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OPENING CHORUS



FTER spending many moons in "darkest Breathitt County," as General Basilmathurgis Duke refers to it, I am constrained to remark, casually, that the railroad from which he has a legal retainer, penetrates it, and that it would only require about three hours of his borrowed time to take a personal inspection of it, and that he would not need a campaign of education to remove his abnormal ignorance; or if he is too philosophically absorbed to take the charming trip, an hour spent with Captain Sam Martin, conductor, who has made the run almost daily for a quarter of a century, might serve to remove his popular misconception, and cause the distinguished ex-Confederate General to revise his estimate, which he gave expression to before the New York Kentucky Club of tight-run "exotics," for he would find men along this railway line who could buy and sell the whole bunch of "aliens" who sleep in the "hay," or carry the "banner," in the Metropolis. It is true, and such an apology is due this most favored and most maligned botanical garden of Kentucky; and knowing, and believing in The General's sense of justice and fair play, we ask him to come and "search us," as Artemus Ward said to his lay-figure Betsy Jane when she poked her head out of the window and asked "Who's there?" to which the genial Artemus answered, "It's a man."

Her doubts were removed instanter, and so will yours be, dear General Basilmathurgis, once you come and see what sort of "varmints," of the genus homo species, really inhabit "darkest Breathitt County."

Louis Gilcher

THE STORY OF Jackson City, Breathitt County

The Inspiration of the New Kentucky

By LOUIS PILCHER

Author of "The Story of Whitesburg, Ky., the Open Sesame to Mida's Mines;" and "The Story of Hazard, Ky., the Pearl of the Mountains."

This Jackson City booklet was written amid the most adverse circumstances and exasperating annoyances. In September, 1913, I went to Jackson City and staid at the old Thompson House for thirteen days, and some way I couldn't write a line. I lacked "inspiration" or something.

I went away to Chicago and returned to Louisville and Frankfort and Lexington, where I remained till the day after the November election, when I again returned to Jackson City—the disastrous fire happening during my absence.

I knew what had been wiped out and it gave me a new inspiration: I saw Jackson City rising, phenix-like, from the ashes; and with prophetic ken I saw in my mind's-eye one hundred and three mile of railway opening up a new continent of wealth beyond the wildest flights of imagination, and I saw Jackson City the chief city, and hence I christened this book "JACKSON CITY, BREATHITT COUNTY, THE INSPIRATION OF THE NEW KENTUCKY."

Jackson City is invincible, despite flood and flame and feud and flareback. This mountain city has come to stay, and she has "fotch" her knitting. She is going to reform herself altogether—tout ensemble as she has seen the last of the Mo-hicans (feuds) and the pistol toter and the blind tiger have got to go before the marching army of business and progress and new blood, and the millions of dollars coming in along the extension of the Lexington & Eastern Railway to Hazard, Perry County, and Whitesburg, Letcher County, the richest timber and mining country on earth today, if reports from Washington, D. C., are to be relied on, and they are.

I am not dealing in "hot air," but cold, glittering facts, and I am not s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g, like Markus Twainus. Jackson City is destined in the near future to be a second Pittsburgh and Henry George's Anti-Poverty Society will be realized.

In my mind's-eye I see Hazard, Ky., another "Oil City," Pennsylvania; the Tarbells are there "plugging" 'em up all through Perry County. Ida's brother and nephew with coal, timber untouched, oil and gas and various other minerals—barytes, flur spahr, possibly zinc, lead, silver, gold, radium—they can dispense with diamond mines and buy them by the "poke." In order to move a little of this coal from the west side on the present terminus of the L. & N. at McRoberts, besides the stock on hand, the L. & N. has placed an order for 3,600 "gondola" coal cars to remove coal to coke furnaces, and recently the "Ellen N" placed an order for 400,000 tons of steel rails for double tracking, spurs, branches, etc. Here in the near future will be fulfilled the words of the poet Tennyson—

"Dropping down in golden bales
Argosies of magic sails."

for soon about Whitesburg and Jenkins will be seen "hangars" for monoplanes for local, Vedrones and Zeppelins.

Leave Lexington, you somniferic investors, and see all this spread out in panorama in a daylight ride. Spend a week in Jackson City and feel the impact—the pulse in all its pulsancy—and prosper by the object lesson so plain and strong that you can, as it were, hear it "give down" the mighty "tread" of Golconda just being released from his long imprisonment, locked in with his Treasure now released by a new railroad traversing an undiscovered country richer than fable or fancy; Argonauts or Arabian Nights. Let the Doubter be damned beyond the trump of the Resurrection Morn.

STRANGE MENTAL DELUSION.

One bleak day during Lent in Lexington as I sat in our dingy office cogitating and ruminating on the things which be and the things which were and are no more, and as I tried to sift my mass of MSS. about Jackson, the good from the goats, till I wearied of the futile attempt, for in my moments of depression it all looked bad; looked rotten, and so I was tempted to dump the whole bunch of "copy" into the crematory and give it up as Love's Labor Lost; but I didn't, and so I decided to let her go Gallagher, and let the reader do the worrying, which he will doubtless do if he be a discriminating

critic, if he doesn't damn the whole wretched performance at a venture.

No man was ever yet a literary judge of his own productions, and so as I am not indulging in "literature" to any alarming extent, here the rest of the whole bundle of stuff goes into the yawning maw of the printer's hopper, and I wish to the Gods that I didn't have to read or revise the proof sheets, but if I didn't do that conscientiously, it would be criminal in me, and forever blast my future prospects.

"I'll read the proof sheets or die in the hell-box," I told Lucien Beckner, my literary and legal printer-man and adviser and the gentle, bridlewise reader knows whether I carried out the contract and Lenten vow.

In writing my "Story of Jackson City, Breathitt County, the Inspiration of the New Kentucky," I hardly know where to begin or where to leave off. No attempt is made to make it historical; but a story of today, with the flattering outlook for the morrow, the Future, and hence there is no *mise en scene*; no delving in murky records, no antiquarian researches, no garrulous and tiresome interviews with old citizens, interesting doubtless as all that would be, but it is not my province, not my "meat," not my forte.

This book is impressions and observations. I always felt a peculiar interest in visiting Jackson City, my first visit being way back when J. Wise Hagins (former County Judge) was mine host; landlord of the Arlington Hotel. Again when I came Judge Hagins was Editor Hagins of The Breathitt County News; again I found him County Clerk, and then nearly four years ago he was County Judge, and he is now retired.

I was in Jackson City two years ago. A number of times during the past year I have passed through, going over the extension of the Lexington & Eastern Railway through Perry and Letcher Counties, and in September I spent two weeks here sizing up the situation, renewing acquaintances and making new ones. I then went to Chicago and returned to Lexington in time to register and vote, when I again came here to write my book.

In my absence the fire took place, but I knew every name of every loser by it and I am full of confidence that my effort would be better appreciated after the fire than before it, and I was not mistaken in my estimate of the enthusiastic "come back" of the nervy community now at work rebuilding the ruined belt. I certainly have the material for an interesting story; and if it proves otherwise it will be my fault in the telling.

I have attempted to amuse, to entertain, to correct false

impressions, to instruct somewhat without making the "lesson" hard, and just how far I have succeeded in making the book helpful and a popular best seller remains to be seen. With grateful sentiments for the kindly manner in which my other mountain town stories were received and craving the indulgence of the dear reader for my short comings; my haste at times and my prolixity at others, careful to avoid anything heavy or tedious, I leave you with a bow and a wink even if the darned book puts me on the blink. I know its defects and I know there will be lines in it I'll regret I didn't have sufficient gumption to blot; sentences that I ought to "kill"; sentiments that will severely inflict me; in short, the whole performance may ever after cheapen me in my own estimation. Some thoughts in it will fly off at a tangent; some go hell-bent and something in its pages will, after its too late, look strabismus-eyed and not on straight, as it were—in short and finally, it may be a Catawampus production, which will ever after compromise me in the eyes of mine "enemy" who won't "write a book,"—some foolish slip of mental cog that may call me to the field of "honor," and cause me to violate the Code Duello and add another beautiful corpse to my private morgue. The book is not copyrighted; it takes a dollar to do it.

LOUIS PILCHER.

Jackson City, Kentucky, Anno Domini, February Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen.

APOSTROPHE TO JACKSON CITY.

O, Jackson City!

At these words what blissful visions rise; lift us from earth and draw towards the skies; (ofttimes sudden like, not leaving our final direction). Heavy are thy burdens, grievous are thy wrongs; but broad of loins art thou, thy armor gert with thongs; nor flood, nor feud, nor fires, can stay thy march for long. So onward, ever upward—inspire thy lips with song! For "Jack," thou hast the quality we designate as sand; so, onward, Christian soldier, and, partner, here's my hand!

Jackson City, noted, notorious, far-famed, far-flung—made up of men invincible; so strong,—so healthy that a sick one excites their mirth; nothing daunted, thou art here to stay till the hills rock and tremble and crumble, for like Peter thou

art founded upon a rock—seven of 'em—on seven hills, like Rome, thy Appian Way, the Pan Handle, Pan Bowl, where the rapid, rolling North Fork loops the loop and, like the snake that made the track, it's going north while it's coming back.

Jackson City—on every hill a grave yard—O, city without a hearse!

O, Jackson City, once known as the City of Sudden Death, now known to be "The City of Certain Wealth," thou hast the men, thou hast the "guns" and thou hast the money, too.

O, Jackson, after a million dollar fire, thou hast a fancy ball in the United States Armory to the tune of—

"Nobody's Rueing It,

Rueing It, Rueing It!"

O, Jackson City, thou self-sustaining "self-help" sinner—not a funeral note; no appeal for help—no passing of hat. Oh, Bully Jackson City, thou proud Democratic gallinaceous bird, proud are we all of thee!

O, Jackson City, thou art rebuild up better than the ancestors knew; far better than thou dreamed of in the Dog Star Days ago—building a model mountain city set on seven hills, whose light cannot be hid; whose "light" will never "fail" nor dim, for thou art the kilowatt and the Tungsten and the Roentgen ray—in short, the hot stuff.

O, Jackson City, what opportunities are before thee. Look with thy mind's-eye up the vista of over an hundred miles at the railway trains following the serpentine meanderings of the Mighty North Fork River Valley with its coal, oil, gas, timber, ready to pour a stream of yellow metal into thy lap; its hundreds of bi-products in live stock, garden, orchard and farm, its congested cornucopia of good things. See rising on "magic sails" wealth in cargo's heavy bales—and get a move on.

Now, now is the psychological moment in thy history—or possibly never.

Now is the time "to strike a bolder note."

Now, now is the time to subscribe!

I've seen towns win out against great odds in Texas and Oklahoma. I've seen "selling platers" distance stake horse towns. Sometimes little things make or mar.

Moral and sequel to this clumsy fable:

"The Little Early Risers" make daylight break about 4 o'clock.

O, Jackson City, thou hast passed through times to try men's souls—floods, feuds, flame, and out of these crucibles thou hast come unscathed and purified "as by fire," stronger, and ennobled by the ordeals. Only heroic souls and invincible

spirits are made greater by scaling seemingly insurmountable barriers, to march triumphantly over obstacles that line the highway of Progress. If thou hast yet left a few bad men let it not deter or discourage. Never despond. The sooner they shuffle off this mortal coil or are shuffled off, the better it will be for them, and this splendid community of manly and courageous men, of good and noble women and promising children. See to it, O, Jackson, that thrift and industry triumphs over idleness and viciousness; that education, (which forms the common mind; the way the twig is bent the tree's inclined) wipes out ignorance and superstition; that morality takes the place of degradation; that virtue and chastity routs vice and crime; that sanitation and sanity replace disease and madness. "Let there be life" and peace, not strife and death. But I'm preaching, and if there's any one thing I hate more than another it's cant, pretense and hypocrisy.

Be good; but be not goody-good.

O, Jackson City, why, O why, dost thou attract more gals over Sunday than all the mountains over?

The water that you don't drink; the ozone or "mettle more attractive?" That's an easy one.

O, Jackson City, community of surprises, with a jail that all one has to do is to raise the window and escape; with a Sheriff elected by the people who "farms out" the office to a stranger who seems to fill the bill; an experiment which works admirably and will have imitators elsewhere doubtless; a learned lawyer who advertised that he would apply for a pardon for a man charged with murder—not in jail; not in the penitentiary but at large! having broke jail in a moment of turnkey absent mindedness.

With a City Council who pays the Police Judge \$2 and the Chief of Police \$2 for every case docketed and tried whether defendant is found guilty or not! and so reckless art thou of money that no tax paying ass enjoins 'em.

O, Jackson City, with an Election Returning Board inoculated with the virus of varioloid of Nepotism that a brother (Democrat) to a Republican candidate, and a double cousin Republican refuse to issue certificates to the Democrats who, de facto, prima facie, are elected all the way from 50 to 500.

O, Jackson City, thou city of oddities and curiosities, never a day that thou dost not spring some surprise or sensation uncork.

O, Jackson City, thou who say to Mormon preacher, Seventh Day Adventists and other freaks in religion and education "Never touched me," giving them the laugh as among the amusements of the passing show.

O, Jackson City, thou hast lawyers and lawyers and one so skilled in frame-ups that he has won the enviable title of "Jail Breaker," who recently escaped through the meshes of a grand jury indictment; a preacher who saves souls while riding on a pass, seldom alighting long enough to change his laundry; a female Gratiano who speaks more words than all Jackson City and never lands on a grammar; a woman who can write like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, gifted sister of the late Mathew Arnold, and whose lips are as eloquent as those of Sophonisba Breckinridge of Hull House, Chicago; an optician who sailed around the world and who "settled" here, who has a theory that trachoma is due to the wholesale wearing of 10 cent premium eye glasses, and that it is not atmospheric nor contagious. When found Dr. Stucky, make a note on; a Nero of a photographer who while Jackson City was a Babylonian blaze, took snapshots at it from the top of the highest building for Collier's Weekly.

O, Jackson City, thou hast a County Attorney who succeeds in making the defendants laugh as he is convicting them by his Rabelasian wit and Homeric humor.

O, Jackson City, thou hast no diamond mines, but thou hast the next best substitutes, two Jewish merchants who know that printer's ink and radium are of equal value.

Thou hast a man of parts who spends time and money in the marts of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and London searching for rare books.

Thou hast no saloons, but thou hast three drug stores, so thou art not all and altogether bereft by a jug full.

O, Jackson City, thou hast one extortionate priced hotel with a suffragette clerk.

O, Jackson City, for the militant minded thou hast a recruiting station with attractive and deceiving pictures to take in the unwary.

O, Jackson City, thou hast a man to thy lasting shame who never harmed anybody but himself whom you sold into slavery before the Temple of Justice on the infamous charge of vagrancy.

O, Jackson City, thou hast one Christian church which from the attendance or lack of it seems redundant with Bethany Virginia Bible College to the East of it and the Lexington College of the Bible West of it, yet it volleyeth not nor thunders.

O, Jackson City, thou hast thy faults and grievous are they. Before thou layest claim to "city" thou'lt have to enforce thy obsolete city ordinance against the belled cow nuisance; thy skating rink is a scourge to the young and tender

Miss; the pomice floor a deadly menace—rather let them dance not skate.

It's so common it's considered vulgar.

O, Jackson City, thou art one of the multiplicity of homes of A. Oscar Sears and Floyd Day, but if they ever get here they elude my Argus eyes. I've been on the lookout for Floyd Day and I've been on the smellout of Oscar Sears. Nothing doing.

Home of women of unrivaled and ravishing beauty; children radiant and pulsing with life; men handsome, brave and chivalrous; souls of hospitality and generosity, orators who speak like angels; lawyers who would adorn any bar; men and women filled with ennobling sentiments and poetry, what dost thou not promise in the near future! Buckle on thine armor, let lances glitter in the sun, fight the good fight of faith, dethrone the wrong, enthrone the right; thou good and faithful soldier, ere long thou wilt go up head for keeps.

O, Jackson City, thou hast a National Bank capitalized for \$100,000.00, with cash to the credit of individuals for over \$200,000.00, and a State Bank capitalized for \$75,000.00, with larger deposits, and hence thou hast the where-with-all, the mighty dollar, with which thou art liberal. The Money Devil is not master, but servant, here.

O, Jackson City, thou now hast elected a new Democratic Police Judge, and I tender him my most profound commiseration, for be it known this measly office has "ruined" more, otherwise promising men, than all others. Did you ever know of a Police Judge retiring with honors? Are not they abused, berated, maligned, execrated and anathematized ever after? Did you ever know of a Police Judge ever getting higher honors(?) thrust upon him?

Nay, nay, Pauline.

There is now an evolution, and Police Judges have three Ohio examples—Mayor-Police Judges; two of them dead, Samuel (Golden Rule) Jones, Tom L. Johnson; and Brand Whitlock—a new order of men, and the latter goes up as Minister to some foreign country.

Doc Judge Swango is soon to retire to rebuild his lost professional practice, but he will never cut 'er. Lifelong enemies of men, their wives, sisters, mothers. So I say I tender my distinguished consideration(?) to Police Judge-elect, whom I commiserate if he be not a reformer. If he runs the office for profit woe is he; if he is guided by a civilized head and heart he will go higher. I sympathize with him, for I was once Police Judge of Nicholasville, Ky., but I never fined a man for merely being drunk—a disease. It worked several reformations.

JACKSON CITY'S SOCIAL SIDE

(Written by Mrs. Sam Jett, Jr.)

Jackson City is the social center of the mountains. It is here the circuses stop and draw great crowds from the surrounding country. Here the statesmen come when political questions wax warm, and gather large audiences by their masterful speeches. Jackson is, in fact, the metropolis of the mountains.

On coming into the town its "shut-in" appearance impresses strangers as a symbol of the lives of those living here. The lively whirl in which they soon find themselves shows them their mistake. Although we have not the parks of large cities, we have two or three points of unusual interest which are always the objective points of summer picnics and afternoon strolls, the Pan Bowl and High Knob. The former is the wonderful Rock Postoffice where names of many visitors testify to its popularity. All summer long picnics to these and other points of interest make life merry for young and old. There is always, however, one picnic that is looked forward to by every one; the Union picnic of the Sunday school. A special train carries the big crowd of picnickers to Natural Bridge, and here every one forgets cares in one grand day of pleasure.

Picnics, especially family picnics, are common along the beautiful banks of the North Fork of the Kentucky River. The children can wade along the shallow shoals and the older ones can go to the "swimming holes" for a plunge. Hook and line often play a part of these outings, and often in the early morning you can see a party returning from a fishing trip with a goodly string of "shining beauties."

Horses play an important part in the social life of the young people of Jackson City. In the cool of the evening merry parties canter over the mountain roads, oftentimes visiting Quicksand, Ky., or other neighboring places, and an accident rarely happens. We have some expert horsewomen. They ride the safe and sensible way—criss-cross.

The Gun Club is an organization which holds its meetings, for target practice, a little way from Jackson. Its members include both men and women. After the hunting season opens they practice on the abundance of squirrel and rabbit; and at

holiday time the carefully fattened turkeys of some farmer become the targets. Wild turkeys are scarce.

The city has a Dancing Club, which gives at least one dance a month at the Armory.

Winter amusements consist mostly of home entertainment, and we have an excellent moving picture show. The entertainments given by the college and city school also help in that line.

A social organization known as the Jackson City Sewing Circle meets weekly. Its members, besides sewing, have a most enjoyable social time. Parties, picnics and receptions are given by the members for their families and friends, and holidays find them celebrating most elaborately.

Jackson City has not only a clean and fun-loving social atmosphere, but also a Christian influence. There was, until the big fire, five church buildings; the Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Baptist and a Union church. Two lost their buildings in the fire. The Presbyterians are holding their services in Lees Collegiate Institute chapel and the Baptists in the Court House. Each of these churches has a strong Sunday school, and all but the Baptists have a Christian Endeavor or Young People's Society. These societies have a social each month, and here the young people enjoy themselves in innocent amusements. All of the churches have Ladies' Aids or Missionary Societies. They, of course, give suppers, bazaars, etc., as do Aids the world over. The Aids of the Presbyterian and Baptist churches are now most diligently at work trying to assist in the raising of the necessary funds to rebuild. Although all the churches except the Methodist have been pastorless for some time, the people hold together by faith, and expect soon to have a pastor for each church. Of course other denominations are represented among us, but slight differences in beliefs are buried and forces are joined with one or the other of the churches for the doing of good and the work of charity.

It is easily seen that the social and religious life of Jackson City is not very limited, and there is a broad field of usefulness for any who care to assist and plenty of good, pure fun to drive dull care away after work. With true Southern hospitality the latch string is out and the reader is invited to see for himself.

THE JACKSON CITY SCHOOL.

The school-building at Jackson is one of the handsomest in the State. It is situated on Highland avenue, overlooking the town, the railroad and the winding river. It is 104 feet long and 56 feet wide, three stories high, including the basement. It is lighted with ninety-six large windows, besides twenty-five in the basement. It is steam heated, and is furnished with modern desks in all the eight class rooms. It has four large halls, principal's private office, ladies' rest room, library room and a large auditorium, with stage, dressing rooms, footlights and furnished with about 500 opera chairs. In the basement are two large play rooms, boiler room and room for Domestic Science.

The building, including furniture, cost about \$28,000.

The present Board of Trustees—W. S. Sewell, G. T. Strong, Kelly Kash, June Jett and Wm. Combs—are all progressive men and believe in schools, and will do all necessary to make this school the equal of any in the State.

The present faculty consists of Prof. H. H. Harris, educated at Rose Hill, Va., and who was principal of the Beattyville Grade School for sixteen years; his wife, Allie R. Harris, in charge of the music class; Mrs. Lucy Thompson, Mr. Robert Talent and Misses Grace Harris, Alice Combs and Nelle Brophy.

KELLY KASH, LAWYER.

One of the most talented members of the Jackson Bar, noted for able lawyers, is Kelly Kash, who stands easily at the head of the younger class of legal luminaries.

Kelly Kash is not only an able lawyer, but he is an influential Republican politician and progressive citizen. Mr. Kash is a writer of ability and may yet be heard from in a literary way.

In an interview with him he said in part:

JACKSON.

Cities and towns are not creatures of accident or chance, and are not builded upon fiction or imagination, but are results brought about by causes and factors. There have been and are dreams of empire and growth and wealth and greatness, and these dreams are sometimes fulfilled and sometimes they fail. But in this present age of material development and progress, in these days of advancement and growth, that community or section and that people that offers something in accord with a

pulsing and strenuous age is the one that must develop and endure.

Today the eye of Kentucky is upon the mountain section, upon this section overlaid with boundless and valued forests, upon these mountains pregnant with limitless deposits of minerals and ores ready for the hand of man. And when one casts about over this section of East Kentucky no county offers more than the mighty county of Breathitt, which is in itself a veritable empire and its capital city the town of Jackson.

Breathitt County was created more than seventy years ago and was named for a former Governor of Kentucky. Jackson, the county seat, was only a village at the outbreak of the Civil War; and, in fact, Jackson enjoyed little growth until within the last ten years, the period in which development of timber and mineral resources have been commenced in different sections of the county. Today Jackson has about three thousand population, and bids fair to double this within the next five years.

In the way of natural advantages, many things could be said. Two branches of the Kentucky River, the Middle Fork and the North Fork, traverse Breathitt County, the former a distance of about twenty miles and the latter about thirty miles. Quicksand, a stream almost as large, has thirty miles in the county and Troublesome Creek has fifteen miles. These four streams carry many thousand saw logs to market during the tide seasons, and great volumes of heavy freight are carried upstream.

As to timber lands and coal fields, these are not surpassed in any county in Kentucky. Thousands of acres of forest yet remain to be removed, and large veins of coal have been found in almost all parts of the county. Cannel coal four feet thick and of the finest quality, and bituminous coal from four to seven feet are to be found in different sections of the county.

And as a natural advantage, it might be remarked that the mountain scenery, the hills and valleys, and the streams and the mountain air are of the most attractive and purest to be found in all the land; and these are potent factors that go to build up and make the people of this county and this section a hardy, rugged, intellectual and strong race of people.

As to developments, Breathitt County has about sixty-five miles of railroad, together with twenty miles of narrow guage road that leads out to lumber developments. These roads carry vast amounts of freight to and from Jackson, and employ large numbers of men who make their headquarters at Jackson.

Lastly, it might be said that Jackson today occupies a

point of vantage in this great county and in this section that is scarcely equaled by any other town in all East Kentucky. The timber and mineral developments to the east of Jackson and extending to McRoberts, a distance of more than ninety miles, must come through Jackson to reach the outside world. This great section had heretofore enjoyed little opportunity for communication with the outside world. Means of travel were poor, roads were such as to discourage travel and the people in that section had no chance to reach the outside world and no chance to be reached except by most difficult means. Now that the railroad has entered that section and has taken developments and opportunities for travel the people are taking advantage of the same and are communicating and becoming acquainted with the outside world. Naturally, Jackson is to receive the first benefits of this new relation; and the people of Jackson are preparing to meet this new fortunate condition and to care for it.

Jackson has one well conducted Collegiate Institute, and has probably the best Graded School in any town of its size in the State.

The new Graded School building, a \$20,000 structure, overlooks the town from a beautiful location on the Heights, and is the first building to be seen by visitors coming into Jackson. Strong faculties are in charge of these schools and the children of Jackson are here given an opportunity for education that is not surpassed in any city of the State.

Jackson has four churches, all liberally patronized, and each with wideawake Sunday schools. Jackson also has two banks with aggregate assets of more than a million dollars, three wholesale establishments, up-to-date clothing and millinery stores and groceries, electric lights, splendid telephone system, good hotels, two large saw mills, bottling works, bakery, three drug stores and many other establishments and businesses that go to make Jackson an attractive and progressive city.

And Jackson will have more. The tide of enterprise and capital and labor and development is coming our way, and ere long it can be said that Jackson is the metropolis and center of this highly favored and rich section of the State.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Editor Hazard Herald:

"I observe in a recent issue of The Herald that Mr. Louis Pilcher, having made a book of Whitesburg, will do the same

for Hazard, and you refer to him as a "flexible" writer. It isn't always that a mountain editor, or any editor for that matter, gets just the right word in describing men or things, but, by heck, you've done it for my friend Looie. I have known his writing and him for a long time, and if any man ever was flexible in his statements and flexible with his pen, it is that same Pilcher. Why, he can stretch a fact from Whitesburg to Walla Walla, Wash., and not tear a hole in it. Nary a hole, Mr. Editor, and only a flexible writer of the highest qualifications can do that. Sometimes in his conversation I have heard the seams crack, but his flexibility saved it, and Looie went right ahead just as if an affidavit accompanied everything he said. But he never cracks a seam when he writes, and when he has finished his Hazard book the town won't know itself and will rub its eyes and look around to see if some wizard hasn't bewitched it into a new order of being. That's the kind of flexible writer Looie is, and you may depend that he will stretch it to the limit and never start a seam.

"Am glad to see that Hazard is to have a baseball club and a public bathhouse. Baseball and a bath are the most active advance agents of Progress, and Hazard is on the way. When I was in the mountains last baseball hadn't sprouted and I got a bath when the crick wasn't froze over.

Yours,

"New York, April 28, 1913."

"W. J. LAMPTON."

"I WANT TO GO BACK TO JACKSON CITY."

If the reader is eeking any light or information on the feuds of Breathitt County this book will be a disappointment, for I want to go back to the "City of Sudden Death," and I don't like to write about feuds, anyway. I want to write about something of human interest to normal folks, for feuds and pistol toting are so vulgar and low flung, but if you want a rehash of the feuds after they have been emaciated and emasculated and pulverized and skinned to a frazzle by yellow journals till they are "puky," why read "The Call of the Cumberland," by Charles Neville Buck, which is a thin disguise of the Hargis-Callahan feuds, and the last chapter, the assassination of Ed Callahan; his store stockade; Dr. Stucky's clinic; Dr. Edward O. Guerrant's "School," Volney G. Mullikin's bloodhounds, etc., etc., and very charmingly and dramatically told.

The author of the story is a brother of Buck of Midway, once ex-Minister to Peru, appointed under Cleveland's administration, as recommended by the late Senator James B. Beck;

Beech Hargis, Tom Hargis, Lillie Callahan, Tom Marcum, all went to school at Wilmore, and I saw all of them the day Judge J. B. Marcum was assassinated; all hustling from Bellevue College for Jackson City. The names and places are all so thinly disguised that every character in the story will be readily recognized.

I might refer you to other authors who "tech" on feuds; Washington Noble's booklet, "Behold He Cometh in a Cloud." He was assisted by Editor Emin Elam of the Salyersville Mountaineer, and Editor Spencer Cooper, of the Hazel Green Herald, making an interesting symposium.

Another book, "Mothering on Perilous," or teaching on Troublesome boys who wear such militant names as Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Lee, Ulysses, Leonidas, Hector, Achilles; or other names in literature and science as Herschel, Jonah, Esau—showing that they do not always have their Scripture on straight; or novel names, such as Claude Duvall, etc., etc.

The late Judge T. J. Scott, of Richmond, said from the Bench that no man should be fined for being drunk in a municipality where saloons were licensed; that you might with equal justice fine a man for his rheumatism or for diabetes or for consumption; to fine him and confine him, to throw him in a

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vile and loathsome jail, only aggravated the case and was a reflection on the intelligence and humanity of such Judges; that drunkenness should be treated scientifically.

Mayor-elect Lewis Hays, Jr., who was indorsed for the honor again, writes well; but if he would further popularize his good reputation he will attend Police Courts and sit himself often and use his power to ameliorate or correct excessive fines should there be any, as Mayor Cassidy, of Lexington, does, when the Police Judge shows his prejudice or littleness.

After serving as Police Judge for three months—I was barely twenty-one—I resigned to live down my reputation, for I made a few enemies of “disorderlies;” but made two friends; two men from Madison County who fought fair with the “raw ones” a draw. They set the example of the manly art of self-defense and I wanted the example to have imitators, so I dismissed them. I was exceedingly unpopular with the City Marshal and the City Attorney. I was a revelation to them that they never could interpret.

A LITERARY VENTURE.

Several literary personages are assisting me in collaborating on a book of Minor Poets of Kentucky: some feathered songsters, and some who, perhaps, are just sprouting their pin feathers; and that the book will be called “Kentucky Poets as is Poets:” not overly famous, but who have, nevertheless, a local habitation and a name in the localities where they reside; poets and sentimentalists, who have not sufficiently heard the blare of fame; but who have kinship with the immortals, who were recently embalmed in two octavo volumes by our local poet, John Wilson Townsend. It is believed that the publication will prove a popular best seller, and that it will not reduce, to the verge of bankruptcy, the purchaser, as the “sets” will not be numbered, nor will they be bulky enough to become a burden on the hands of the gentle reader, who may chance to browse along this overlooked pasture green.

The book will contain brief biographical sketches, and such selections as the modest authors may indicate themselves, and thus it cannot be said that they are treated unfairly, as is often the case, when the selection are made by alien or incompetent hands.

This proposed set of four volumes, making a handy set, will sell for four “bucks,” 12mo., neatly and morally bound in whole cloth, and it will in no way compete or conflict with “Kentucky in American Literature,” as our no longer callow youth, Mr. John Wilson Townsend, well knows; but we are

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doing it as a matter of love and disinterestedness, and in order to rescue the immortal "bunch" from dumb oblivion into which many of them have fallen; for Poet Townsend is no longer the callow youth or precocious meteor who flashed athwart the literary heavens at 21. He is now getting down to "brass tacks," and is mastering the art preservative of all the arts, from the bottom up, his fall and "header" like Lucifer, having ended as a police court reporter. We are making this announcement in order to get help in the arduous preparation of this proposed literary venture, and we hope it will have the desired effect.

In my lazy methods of literary procedure I lazily and naturally follow the line of least resistance and greatest traction, to speak scientifically, if the work ever sees the light of day, for I am a lazy, scurvy literary Nihilist with several literary irons in the celestial forge for which publishers, with voracious maws are clamoring; and especially my copy for my immortal Story of Jackson, to be done at the last minute, at one series of sittings, as our late lamented Dr. Sam Johnson would say.

As my memory is very defective and "gives down" as it

were, since I formed the hospital habit, I will need all the assistance possible or the inspiration will die a-bornin', which vividly reminds me that many other friends have flown before, so I hope that on the morrow this darling of the gods may not be kidnapped by temporizing, for what I do now has got to be done in a jiffy, for I am no longer as young in years as I was formerly, but I am still a four-year-old in spirit.

After hurriedly running my mind's eye over the table of contents of Townsend's book, I saw that he had not encroached far enough onto my "preserves" or intellectual short commons to cause me to despair of putting my project into execution. There is some live matter not included or locked up in his publisher's "chases," and so I will now be in a hurry for two reasons, viz.: that he threatens to get out *A Dictionary of Kentucky Authors*, and the second rationale is that I am going to marry and stop making copy for printers, and otherwise reform.

Here are a few of my pets—I have formed no close corporation nor have I organized a Mutual Admiration Society, and I am not peeved because John left me out of his book, for where there is no desire there is no deprivation, and he never went so far as to ask me for a biography of my checkered oat meal career, nor did he ask me to subscribe.

In order to show my gallantry, I desire first to give a list of Kentucky women who have adorned American literature more or less: Kate Atherton, Dolly Higbee, Jennie C. Morton, Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres, Eugenie Dunlap Potts, Elizabeth Kinkead, Emily Walker Herr, Eleanor Kinkead, Jessie Woodson, Josephine K. Henry, Minnie C. Dunn, Maud Uttinger Sharp, Mrs. Beulah Hart Cohen, Mary Ellen Bryan, Laetitia Preston McCauley, Nanci Lewis Green, Maggie Reynolds, Madge McDowell Breckinridge, Rebecca Harding Davis, Sophonisba Breckinridge, Alice Lloyd, Pearl Mullikin, Carrie Knight, Eliza Calvert, Aunt Mary Nettles, Helen Ranck, Lucy Furman, Scphia Fox Sea, Mrs. H. D. Pitman, Anna Moseley, Sarah Bell Hackley, Eliza Davis, Sallie R. Ford, Goldie Perry, Miss Poage, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Olive Tilford Dugan, Mrs. Sybil Walcott, Jane Tandy Chinn Cross, Pattie French Witherspoon, Elizabeth Jameson Reid, Miss Florence Barlow, Mrs. Fannie E. Beauchamp, Miss Laura Clay, Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, Mrs. Henrietta G. Dangerfield, Mrs. Henderson Daingerfield Norman, Mrs. Dickey, Caroline Berry, Mrs. Wm. D. Oldham, Mrs. Wells of Highland College.

Among the men are: Ed Colgan, Spencer Cooper, Walter Nichols, Dr. J. D. Kiser, Edwin Ranck, Fred D. Ballard, Capt. Wm. Henry ("Quinine Jim") McKenzie; Roger Q. Mills, B. F.

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Now, the reader will readily see by the dawn's early light that these persons are not all poets; far different; nor are they all literary headlights, nor are all the mass we are served in Townsend's bibliophile; but no odds. They all have something interesting to say, and that's the crux—the milk of the cocoanut. Some of them are dead and can't speak for themselves except to a favored few spiritualists. Some of them are half-dead and some of them are dead again, as was said of Lazarus, but some of 'em are very much alive, and dead or half-dead I love every bone in their bodies or heads for that matter.

No, they are not all poets, as for instance the late Sam'l McAfee, Duncan, "who did more to preserve the early history of Jessemine County than all others," diligently read all of Milton's theological disquisitions and ecclesiastical brain-fags, but he told me that he never read *Paradise Lost* nor any other poem in his life, and that he "wouldn't give a chaw of tobacco for all poetry," fortifying it with the comment of Thos. Carlyle that there was no longer any excuse for poetical forms, anyway.

I may not be a judge of such matters, but it appears to my limited vision that the Gettysburg address of old Abe ought to entitle him to a niche in my Hall of Fame, as I understand from Mr. A. G. Leonard that it is printed in bold and unaltered letters and swings where every student in Oxford College may see it as a model of condensation and English. There was a time when my heart was volcanic and I gave a war-whoop when I heard that J. Wilkes had fixed his chronometer balance, but time's effacing fingers (I quote from a forgotten female poetess) changes our angle of vision since Betsy died, and I don't begrudge being generous to a foe and a good Indian who was born in Clark County, despite Editor Watterson's sizzling and blasphemous protest in his lecture on Lincoln, his "life" of Lincoln, which for some occult reason is still hanging on the time copy hook.

I haven't time nor space to particularize except as to a few names which I have catalogued under stress of boys calling for contract "copy" and creditors in a pinch to excuse further comment, as excuses are generally lies, as the prophet says truthfully, but I desire to state that I think that Rebecca Harding Davis deserves special mention on account of her fascinating pictures of early life and manners of Kentucky "quality," and not because she in a moment of absent-mindedness became the mother of Richard Harding Davis, *prima facie* evidence, however, that by her simple process of natural selection she discounted the feverish and pernicious and pertinacious bunch of Engenics, and although Dickie has made good in certain quarters of the beautiful but frazzled East, I am not so awfully stuck on his style, and which reminds me of a story. One night in a Boston restaurant for the *hoi polloi*, two men seemed to give offense by their presence at the big Sauer beer table, when Davis jumped up and said:

"You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Who in h—I are you?"

"I am Richard Harding Davis."

"I am glad to form your acquaintance, Colonel. This is Jesus Christ and I am Goddlemity."

My poet friend, Blythe Anderson, thought that the man whose very prose was tinged with sentiment and poetry, "Falcon," ought to have had a place in his two heavy-weight volumes of recent issue, and I accede to the impression, risking rather Blythe's literary acumen to my own dull and punky opinion; and hence J. Soule Smith is on our bill of fare for wit, wisdom and mental pabulum, which flowed from his reservoir with such originality and spontaneity and largess.

Many touching comic rhymes have been written by Donald Padman, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, which for potency and puissanacy and brevity have never been equaled, as for instance this:

"Taxes
Waxes."

This is decidedly personal. I do not include my euphonious name in "Poets as is Poets," for the same reason, doubtless, that John Wilson Townsend had for not exposing poor me. I have written several volumes of inspired idiocy, but I always had a sufficiency of gumption and anagosity to let 'em slide unsignatory; there being multifarious reasons and *prima facie*,

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that there was something for the expert alienists to diagnose about my aplomb mind, without adding this redundancy which might have landed me in a padded cell whether or no.

A luminous and voluminous "producer" is Harry Giovannoli, the editor of the Lexington Leader, and for many years his sketches sparkled and bubbled in the Danville Advocate. I recall his story "A Ringer Wrung on Ringers."

Walter Nichols was a charming essayist and letter writer.

Perhaps the most scholarly man in Kentucky is M. Hawkins, whose scientific writings or controversial are always done anonymously.

Will S. Hays, whose songs went the rounds of the world, certainly deserves a niche in the Hall of Kentucky Fame, although once he said, "Mr. Prentice, have you seen my last song?"

"I hope so, Bill."

That A. Lincoln couldn't be squeezed into a stick full in two bulky volumes illustrates that Author Townsend must have "nodded."

Think of Lincoln's letter to a Boston mother who had given five sons to her country, a model of English which hangs in an English College as a guide to students.

At one time I organized the Kentucky Writers' Association, and the first meeting was held at Chalybeate Springs in Jessamine County, and if I could find a copy of the Jessamine Journal many names of aspiring writers would be suggested which are now lost to memory dear.

For obvious reasons as thick as realty agents in Lexington I have refrained from presenting object lessons in support of the contention that the brilliant police reporter is a poet, for I have had a symposium diligently searching his evidences of literary industry for weeks with the aid of a jimmy and a dark lantern and occult appliances for an inkling of sentiment or imagination or originality to no purpose, and hence the only specimen of poetry I can find is from a recent report of a Matinee Race, which I hear he wrote and read behind the woodshed a week before it eventuated, and hence he is getting on to the curves of pinnacle journalism as ladeled daily by the Hearst papers.

If the "dope" I am injecting into those in esse and in posse has the desired effect on the reader and on the bards of promise and on John, I will be fully compensated for the infinite pains I have self-inflicted on the innocent reader and on myself, and as this seems a good place to knock off, let 'er slide.

With a promise of a recurrence of parsiflaginous and hor-

riplated hostilities(?) to fly off at a tangent of irresponsibility, whenever and wherever the psychological moment shows its frontispiece, or even if there is a smell wafted to my supersensitized olfactories, I remain respectfully,

LOUIS PILCHER,

No. 136 West Short Street, Lexington, Ky.

ABOUT HOTELS.

The Lawson Hotel reminds me of the old Candler Hotel of Somerset, where I domiciled one winter of 1907 during the Roosevelt panic, which that tall and lonesome poplar, Kinsolving, said I helped to bring on by selling those big Texas ranches. It was situated between the two swell modern hotels, the New Cumberland at the Queen & Crescent Depot and the Newtonian Hotel, down town opposite the Court House.

If I wanted to learn anything about Somerset or Pulaski County or Wayne County, The Candler was my bureau of information. I called it the House of a Thousand Candlers, for there I met the great body of the people who did things.

If I wanted railroad news I went there just as I'd go to the Ewen Hotel here. If I wanted drummers' jokes and the society of swell loafers I'd go to the Newtonian Hotel, but I went to the Candler for news and I got it, and I found it the same here at the Lawson Hotel.

The office is friendly-like, the food in abundance is there on the ring of the bell. There are neat and pretty girls for waiters; everybody joins in social converse, and in short it is homelike and quiet and orderly nights.

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NEWSPAPERS PAST AND PRESENT.

The Jackson Times is a consolidation of the Jackson Hustler (second one established by Tom Morrow, now a job printer of Winchester); The Breathitt County News and the Jackson Times, established several years ago by Ryland C. Musick, a lawyer from Virginia. It is now edited by Attorney W. T. Cope (now H. S. Barnett; now Jno. T. Hindman), and I have only seen one copy of it under the new arrangement. It is said that John Hindman also writes editorials. It is labeled "A Democratic Paper." A good one on Editor Cope, which he will appreciate; a man said to me: "Cope's editorials remind me of Henry Watterson's." I looked to see if he was jesting and I saw he was in earnest. "Yes, and if you were an exchange editor you'd find several hundred editors who wrote like Henry Watterson, and they are not imitators. They are armed with a trusty pair of scissors and they read the Courier-Journal religiously. If a printer setting reprint in long primer (ten point) comes to the credit at the bottom of the article and it is marked italic he must shift from his stool and go hunt another "case," and he frequently "nods" and if the editor doesn't examine his own "proofs" the paper goes to press with Henry Watterson's editorial flamboyant as his'n. Editor Cope is capable of writing his own editorials, but there is but one Marse Henri, and most of the editorials in his sheet are written by others on his staff. But as I am encroaching on Desha Breckinridge's territory in blurring the secrets of the editorial prison house I desist from further revelations.

I think all "Democratic newspapers" should be independent; it would save them from embarrassment and criticism. The Jackson Times is criticised for printing an article written by the Republican candidate for County Judge just before the election and marked "Adv.," which interpreted means "Bought and Paid For."

Jackson Journalism is full of thrills. The Jackson Hustler was dynamited, the revived Jackson Times, destroyed by fire; the Breathitt County News took refuge in Uncle Sam's post-office building as a precautionary measure. Nobody wants U. S. Government sleuths on his trail. Everybody has a mortal antipathy for Government officials.

Recently the office of the Jackson Times was raided and the half-baked edition (first run printed) was seized and

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“planted” in the river in such a manner that it could be “rescued,” which it was, and printed in a tepid form.

There seems to have been some method in the mystery.

It was supposed that the objectionable article by a Republican was the motive and that the act reflected on the Democrats. How did the secret “leak” out? Nobody believes that any Democratic candidate or any friend of any Democratic candidate had ought to do with the “outrage,” and the whole farce rebounded with the force and effect of a catapult and flew back with the surprise and the suddenness of a boomerang.

Perhaps no Republican had ought to do with it. There are more strange things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

Perchance it was a clumsy joke—a mere perpetration executed by one guilty man fond of uncovering a mare’s nest. Who knows?

In any event the act adds another chapter to the Jackson journalistic serial of thrillers.

A RETROSPECTION.

I hope the gentle reader will indulge me in a little retrospection and of a reminiscent hue. For several weeks I have occupied the same little office which for twenty years was occupied by H. Clay (Limited) as a law office. It was used by Madison Johnson and by the Buckners. I am sure that the fact that these offices have been minutely described by Novelist James Lane Allen do not lift the depression that weighted me down, for I drew no inspiration therefrom, but upon the contrary I wished they were rearranged so that one working at 2 A. M. wouldn't be exposed to every passer-by, some of whom would knock on the window; some come in and break our trains and chains of puissant Thought.

Allen himself was once a great, poor, metaphysician; now a risque author, playing to the hoi polloi and the galleries, in order to sell his novels. He has told many scandals in order to sell his wares, but as those scandalized are dead as herrings it makes little difference.

I can get more inspiration out on the sweeping river or the canebrake than I can get in these cramped, squalid offices which once held the soul and spirit of H. Clay.

MY PROGRAMME.

It is my purpose next if Providence smiles to visit Beattyville, where I haven't been since July 5, 1905-6, when Judge Lewis was sitting in the cases against Judge Hargis and Sheriff Callahan. I spent the Fourth of July at the Nina Web with the hotel crowd, as it was a holiday.

The next day as I boarded the train I met Denny B. Goode alighting from it.

Denny went up to report the trial, and he wrote the Courier-Journal a peonage story a negro who was cooking at the Nina Web told him of at Moynahan's rock crushing camp.

At Nicholasville I assisted Moynahan in answering it. The publication first and last cost the Courier-Journal \$20,000 damages. Moynahan afterward went to Beattyville and shot the negro twice, but didn't kill him. His case went to the Federal Court at Richmond, but it never came to a trial.

I want to see Beattyville; I want to see Judge Frank Sutton; I want to see Stuart Somerville; I want to see—lack of space forbids.

I hear flattering reports of Heidelberg and Irvine, and I may write 'em all up in booklets if the sign is right.

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FOOTING IT.

Oh, Beattyville! Oh, Beattyville!
 I've found thee over vale and hill;
 O'er cowpath and by counting ties,
 I've walked the rail—as you surmise;
 I've boated it from Lumber Point,
 My brow with steaming sweat anoint,
 My hat and coat a-drip, a-pour,
 When caught in storm—oh, days of yore—
 My coat full weighted by the rain
 As I cried out this route is vain;
 My suit(?) case heavier than lead,
 While slow I plodded, slow I sped;
 These railroad miles, they are a snare—
 Three drummers filled with blue the air—
 As I with jollity and mirth
 Said: "Come on, boys come show your worth—
 There's Beattyville, our journey's end;
 Sweet Beattyville, just 'round the bend."
 Oh, Beattyville! Oh, Beattyville!
 Despite thy roads I love thee still!

TOLERANCE.

I am frequently asked what is my religion. Recently I saw a discouraged Presbyterian evangelist traveling Eastern Kentucky. He said these mountain preachers and elders and deacons need God to send another Ingersoll to stir, 'rouse them from their deadly lethargy. Said I: "As a fine substitute, what's the matter with Pastor Russell?"

He had never heard of the great Liberal of the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles!

I answer religious query with the aphorism of the French savant of the School of the Encyclopaedia:

"All gentlemen have the same religion."

"And what is that?"

"No gentleman ever tells."

It is the religion of Tolerance.

There's something besides your dollars to save,

And it is Christian work.

Oh, roll the "bones" over the stones and spread 'em thick.
Don't be a mud dauber.

Fire, not unlike a physical fact, struck the weakest point, the place of least resistance and greatest traction—the law of evolution—our "typhoid zone," as one might say, and now there is left strong and puissant Jackson City, with nothing left on slippery sand foundations; nothing shacky to menace the durable and lasting.

A fish pond in the public thoroughfare reminds an impressionist of new and wild and unaltered Oklahoma towns.

NOT MY FORTE.

It is not in my line to write up feuds, tragedies and crimes. I leave that to Author Mutzenberg and some gifted lawyer he generally yokes up with. While at Hazard last spring I sketched Mutzenberg's French-Eversole, Hatfield-McCoy and Rowan County feuds. I heard Mutzenberg was at Frankfort collaborating with a briefless lawyer who is of course a genius to lean toward literature—named Bell I think—I heard while at the Capital recently. Hunt Jackson (who does not remember "H. H.")—Helen Hunt Jackson)—a gifted Frankfort attorney who

used to carry a route for one of my many Lexington newspapers, knew nothing of the Mutzenberg prospectus. I think it must have been Commissioner Bell who was editor of The Harrodsburg Republican newspaper. They were writing a history of the great crimes, feuds and tragedies of Kentucky, including the Goebel assassination. Judge Herndon told me Mutzenberg was dead—and then Captain Whitehead of the police force corrected His Honor by making his State worse, that poor Mutzenberg was in an insane asylum; then another officer said he had been dismissed and had gone to the mountains. Sure signs of returning sanity.

Just contemplate what a terrible nightmare such a book would produce on the plastic minds of the youth of Kentucky; a veritable Chamber of Horrors.

This brief catalogue troops to my recollection:

Hill-Evans feud.
 Sharpe-Beauchamp tragedy.
 Arnold wife murdered.
 Thompson-Davies feud.
 Hatfield-Taliafarro feud.
 Kennedy-Kennedy killing.
 Swope-Goodloe tragedy.
 Green-Baldwin tragedy.
 Goebel-Sanford killing.
 Wood-Tipton killing.
 Cardwell-Hunter killing.
 Hargis-Callahan feud.
 French-Eversole feud.
 Hargis killing.
 Callahan killing.
 Buford-Elliott tragedy.

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JACKSON, KY.

No wonder poor "Mut" fled the asylum for the mountains of Rotterdam, a Hepsidam or Dontgiveadam where the woodbine twineth and the whang-doo-dle mourneth for its first-born ah!

Now I think my style of light literature and that of William Henry Hanley and Emin Elam much more civilized and refined and polite.

Don't you?

If so, patronize us, in our days of struggling, budding genius. If this book by Messrs. Mutzenberg and Bell is ever published, as for and mine(?) give us the Tip Top Weekly, the Hogwallow Kentuckian and Ben Sewell's Big Pistol. When we sit at the Reading Room I am a little singular and queer and cranky about my reading matter I know.

I am "burnt out" on books and magazines and newspapers; an extinct volcano and I prefer a fish pole and sermons in stone, such as one gets at Schoonmaker's Artificial Stone Ballast Quarries; books in running brooks—a quotation from old Shakespoke which puzzled the literal-minded Scotchman who said the Bard doubtless meant to write "sermons in books; stones in running brooks."

AUTO DA FE FOR HAZARD BOOK.

I presented a man at Jackson with a copy of "Hazard—The Pearl of the Mountains."

Several weeks thereafter meeting him I said:

"Did you do me the honor to sketch my Hazard book?"

"I read in it till I saw where it knocked on Jackson and I stopped."

Later when his choleric ire was up he said:

"I burnt the book up."

There you have the spirit of the auto da fe; the Spanish Inquisition; and I surmise that if he had the power he'd burn me at the stake.

The man is devoid of the sense of the ludicrous; or the saving grace of honor. He's Little by name and a Lilliputian by nature; meager, cramped, squaled nature; a genus homo of the pigmy species.

"I burnt the book."

That reminds me of a story. Over in ——— County, Ky., a very elegant elderly lady who couldn't read heard one of her daughters reading of a drunken brawl in which her reckless nephew figured. Lifting her big spectacles to her corrugated brow she said with baited breath and solemnity:

"Burn that newspaper!"

"What for, ma?"

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"So nobody else will hear of it."

The paper was the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rev. John L. Waller, a noted Baptist preacher, once stated in an impassioned sermon that he had burned Alexander Campbell's translation of the Holy Bible, but there must have been a few other copies the Reverend gentleman overlooked.

A few days after the burning I received a shipment of them and while nearly everybody is reading and laughing over the book, I have heard of nobody burning it.

Meeting Senator Hogg he said:

"I read every word of it."

Now that's what I call a gentleman and a scholar and a man of literary acumen; of humorous discernment; who knows what is intended to awaken one's risibilities!

Senator Hogg of Booneville must be a descendant of the celebrated English poet Hogg who wrote:

"The light that was never on land or sea."

In Senator Hogg's political history there is that recently which upsets the aphorism that "politicians seldom die and never resign."

In a contest he said to the other fellow "Take it," and took the stump for his opponent.

Such nobleness and generosity deserves this notice—and any other good thing politically—in future.

ON BEING AN AUTHOR.

This thing of being a maker of books is so new to me that I am puzzled and perplexed when I contemplate it behind the woodshed. Heretofore I was known as a maker of paragraphs for newspapers, and now to be an Author, at times, causes me embarrassment and "gives me pause" as to whether I do **not** regret it or am vain about it. I contemplate myself with mixed and mingled emotions.

This thing of being famous—sudden-like—isn't what some folks think it's cracked up to be, not by a jug full.

I don't like this conspicuity, this band of Greek fire about my throbbing brow; these bay leaves, and the loss of sleep my malignant and brutalized publishers and printers give me. So far I've smelt few roses and felt many thorns. The proof readers not only carry a full supply of thorns, but they carry the raw material to make them out of—and they seem to take fiendish and diabolical delight in pricking a new author's cuticle; putting them in one's bed and on one's easy chair, and then this printer man he danceth eke around, contorting and convoluting himself like a Snake Indian doing the Annual Snake Dance.

But I play even with the proof reader.

I demand the Author's proof sheets—the Author's proofs, I say, with all the hautier that I can command, and then when I am through marking, these long double-column slips of printing and the intelligent linotype operator casts his optics at it—he throws a series of fits—for I am their despair.

As a proof reader John Wilson Townsend, the Lexington Historian, says I am some pumpkins.

But I am not through reeking my revenge for suffering the Thorny Way.

I call for a revise.

When I was a boy—"the abridgment of all that is pleasant in man"—my dreams were not of authorship. I contemplated a career on the high seas—something akin to—piracy.

Had "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" ante-dated my birth I might have been a captain of a piratical crew instead of being a mild, polite, harmless and homeopathic member of the literati and having my immortal productions criticised to my face by the dilettante and the creme de la creme and the rough necks.

I have no way—no standard by which to judge judiciously

J. H. HAMMONS, President

LEWIS HAYS, JR., Manager

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JACKSON, KENTUCKY

of the literary merits of these fantastic and diaphanous children of my creative genius, but I like—that sounds homelike—my “Story of Whitesburg, Ky., The Open Sesame to Midas’ Mines” far better than I do my “Story of Hazard, Ky., the Pearl of the Mountains,” but I’ve been told that while I’m a famous author—in this neighborhood,—I lack the critical sixth sense; that the Hazard creation when compared to the Whitesburg brochure is as the heavenly luminary to a tallow dip—but Whitesburg was the first born and on it I poured out my soul and most of my oversoul in a little room at the K-Y Hotel as my assistant adviser, companion, co-respondent, financial agent, Pythias, Horatio, William Kelley Brown, paced the floor and iterated:

“Go for ‘em—like—like—like a’ old sow a bitin’.”

Alas, William Kelly Brown was not with me when I was forging these Cyclopiian sentences at the D-Y Hotel.

He was in “Circuit Co’t at Whitesburg” where he was “a-defendin’ three niggers” who doubtless now, in concert with me, cry “Alas!” too, for they all went over the road.

Just how my “Story of Jackson City, Breathitt County, Kentucky, the Inspiration of the New Kentucky,” is going to rank with my two famous booklets deponent saith not; but I think it’s going to raise the reddest end of hell—no profanity is meant; for some of this book was perpetrated when I was boiling hot, “sizzling hot,” to quote the condition and not a theory of Sir John Falstaff when he was dumped from the clothes hamper stuffed with soiled linen into the brook to save Mistress Page from a scandal.

After my arrival in Jackson, to get down to brass tacks and clear the decks for literary action—things happened whether fortuitously or by design, to cause me annoyances—the enemy at work—one man only—or was it the devil—but I soon overcome these difficulties and now count them as among my long list of comic miseries.

Now I know I am violating the fundamental and inexorable rules of great authorship by exuding myself into this story, but I had rather “just miss fame” on this story—and spit it out. In my absence at Chicago the dear, dilapidated Thompson House went up in the recent conflagration.

I had stopped there for private reasons. When I left Jackson nearly two years ago Squire Edwards was the landlord and as I owed Squire a little bill I had to be loyal. After my notorious name was on the Register I learned that Squire had shut up shop and gone to Perry County to get rich quick.

I remained there thirteen days—Meantime sending through the First National Bank a wad of money to my Lexington

publishers, paying them in full. That nearly strapped me—poor collections at Hazard and Whitesburg—Authors are never business men and must conform to the rules of Bohemia. Brer Snowden said for me to go a-head to Chicago—see my grand niece and grand nephews—sure sign that I am in the sere and yellow leaf—surer one when the sociable stranger dubs me “Uncle”—and to come back.

I went lame at Lexington, the charmed city of a thousand-and-one enchantments, and a legion of devils.” An abrasion below the ankle above the heel—too much concrete—too much election—too many bedless nights.

I neglected the injury. Dr. McGinnis of the McClelland Building examined it, scientifically, microscopically; fed some burning acid to it—I know it was acid, for I could taste it—dressed it, bandaged it and offended me by advising to keep clean with soap and water and change bandages frequently. The day following the election I went to Jackson City, where I staid two days, silent and contemplative; neither mixing nor mingling.

I was doing some heavy-d~~re~~ft thinking.

My mind reverted to that old Greek author, Homer, and his Iliad, the hero Achilles, who had braved all danger on sea and field of battle, at last to “croak” from a slight wound in

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JACKSON, KENTUCKY

the heel—from a flying Parthian arrow, and in my molecular imagination I could not help but draw a parallel between Achilles' fate and my "wound."

I, too, had braved all sorts of dangers in the wild days of Oklahoma and Clark street, Chicago, recently. I had had the temerity to brave the dangers of Water street, Lexington, and escaped with my life though struck a blow on the mouth that cracked my artificial upper deck, changing its conformation so that it and the roof of my mouth don't dwell together homologically.

Let it pass.

Was a little mean thing like that to mean my finish? I was aroused from my Contemplations on Death by the plaintive whine of the woman wanting a week's board in advance.

I couldn't come across. She graciously said I could stay till next morning.

But I didn't.

I departed, leaving no black plume as a token of the truth my soul had spoken, leaving my heavy suit case filled with valuable manuscripts, some laundry and three brands of chewing tobacco.

I went to another place where I kept my counsel, although I was conscious after a few days that I was under surveillance and I couldn't do a thing satisfactorily in the way of setting my hopper to work grinding out "copy," although my brain was in a convolutionary state so that I couldn't sleep except by spells. Finally to my relief the expected "blow" descended:

"You will have to pay us \$2.50 per diem in advance; you owe \$3 across the river; you owe \$13 to another house." I saw the fellow was a mind reader and for fear that he might reveal something disgraceful in my life I said little.

I did as Mark Twain did in San Francisco—I mo-ved.

I occupied a little room, "third floor, back." The hotel advertised rates at \$2.

That night I sat self-satisfied in security of the historic Lawson Hotel among friends and with the best room in the house—grate heated, electric lighted, I wrote 120 pages of copy from 4 p. m. to 10 p. m. and retired and slept like a Ross Sloniker saw log—defying doctors, wounds in heels, the "book burner," (who cremated my Hazard booklet), misshipped box of books, failure of debtors at Hazard and Whitesburg to "come across" that I might pay these three measly hotel bills and tell them all something eloquent.

All good things come to them who labor and wait and serve the Lord.

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I recovered my suit case filled with sweetness and lightness.

Promises of patronage poured in, as this book will prove.

Now as I write I am in my usual amiable frame of mind, which "works" as if it had been lubricated with sweet oil and perfumed with attar of roses.

When Homer was alive, he being blind, begged for bread through seven cities, and these seven cities all claimed Homer dead.

I don't care what profane history says, or what Pope's(?) Couplet says, I don't believe Homer ever literally begged.

It belongs to the curiosities of Literature; to the fabrications and perpetrations of authors.

Sequel and moral to this tale: How did a strange hotel clerk, who told me confidentially that he didn't know anybody in Jackson, learn of my other hotel indebtedness?

An Idle Woman's Tongue.

RAILROAD BUILDING.

The L. & N. Railroad has hundreds of hands and several big contractors, among them Mason & Hanger, putting in miles and miles of sidings, spurs and branches—making a net work of steel rails. At many places the road beds are being elevated and the lines shortened.

The Ohio & Kentucky Road runs to Compton, 18 miles from Jackson City, and the Mountain Central Road has a junction west of here near Natural Bridge—a narrow gauge road owned by Day Bros.

At Quicksand the Kentucky Hardwood Company has a line eighteen miles through its vast timber leases for hauling its logs to the three saw mills at Quicksand.

There is general complaint of mountain water, but in every town may be found just the kind of drinking water one prefers, all of it with more or less minerals in it—but nothing deleterious like water with alkaline properties. The celebrated springs at Irvine, Estell County, are famous for health-giving virtues.

It is a well-known fact in sociology of Kentucky and the South that the Afro-American race has for long been the "escape valve" in morality or immorality—there also being another division, unmorality.

In certain sections of Kentucky—notably in the eastern part—the absence of Negroes has laid the heavy toll upon the white race, and hence there is more white immorality than in communities where Negroes abound, Central Kentucky and many Southern States having a greater number of Negroes than Caucasians.

It is not fair to the white sections to put the percentage of female failures against them. It is well known that both male and female procurers and procuresses from Lexington Louisville and Cincinnati are constantly plying the white slave traffic in Eastern Kentucky, where there are so many healthy and beautiful but poor young girls and women led into temptation to their ruin.

Seduction by male prostitutes is almost as common in corrupt communities as it is among Negroes and whites in higher social places.

It is unfair for moralists to say that there isn't a great percentage of virtue and chastity—all things being equal—in the highlands as in the valleys—and that conditions are growing better and worse where fashion, wealth and society is more highly organized; where the leisure classes dress, dawdle and

J. R. BLAKE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

General Merchandise

COLLEGE AVENUE

JACKSON, KY.

undress; where wines, champagne and automobiles have mad sway; where the jocund round of mirth and music adds to the giddy swirl, sweeping victims into the vortex of fornication, and where the maelstrom sucks adulterers and adulteresses; where the Seventh Commandment is a jest to be lightly repealed. High living means fast conduct too often.

Would it be worse or better if there were no Negroes?

How common it is for white men to have Negro mistresses; to live openly with them; to bring sons and daughters into the world by them.

We will not stand for miscegenation. It is said that in Louisville and Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Chicago, that many depraved and degenerate white women have Negro husbands.

This is not always the result of erotomania—but social conditions or the habitat which breeds such anomalies.

No place is and no time was when any healthy, normal race of people among all the peoples of the ethnological congregation was free from sinners of both sexes. According to Holy Writ it was so of God's chosen people, the Israelites, as witness the whip of Isaiah and the lash of Jeremiah for those caught "sinning in the tents."

Witness the scourge of Juvenal for the Romans also.

Sexual sin is a natural sin, healthy, and as the French salon mistress said to the loose Benj. Franklin, "Plea-zant."

It's the scandal; the jealousy, the crime, that destroys when once a man or woman is spotted as "common."

Under our system of monogamy—and loose marriage and divorce laws—we will always have "The Strange Woman" and the Adam tempting Eve to taste to her death.

Odd and singular as it may appear morality among the American Indians is of the highest and it reaches a high state of perfection among the civilized tribes.

IN THE MIND'S EYE.

Standing on the Heights as I look up the North Fork Valley with my mind's eye for 103 miles to the terminus I see it swarming with men and industry; I hear the detonations and reverberations of the dynamite blastings for coal and railroad sidings, spurs and branches.

I hear the impact of drills for oil and natural gas and wells of water. This bombardment of the industrial peace army is music to the ear and money to the pocket—a new and till now undiscovered country; so new that the smell of paint pervades the circumambient air, and resinous also from felling of pine and cedar and spruce and gum. We are shaking the



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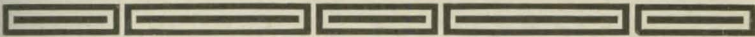
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stuffin' out o' these old hills to make 'em cough up. One coming up here, if he slept all the way from Louisville or Cincinnati, except to change cars, just now would know he was in the glorious mountains of Eastern Kentucky by the chestnut hulls and the persimmons; the rich sorgum molasses and the white liquor.

He would also see traveling hunters and trappers and furs of varmints being shipped to dealers in Louisville and Cincinnati.

Then the wagon loads of golden bellied pumpkins and green and yellow striped cushaw—what visions of pies—my eyes! Just to smell 'em!

Everywhere the towering hills a charm to the senses and a restful delight to the eye.

Such scenery and just to think that old Stoddard and his Travel Lectures never saw the picturesque Kentucky River at many places more rugged in grandeur and beauty than the Hudson.

Is it any wonder that Paul Sawyer has spent several years putting it on canvas? That there Robert Burns Wilson goes for poetry and pictures?

Waterfalls that lay in the shade the Falls of Minnehaha, made classic by Longfellow's Hiawatha! Old Stod makes no mention of Bluegrass beauty of scenery, and he is yet to explore Mammoth Cave, the wonder of our continent.

Why are we thus ignored?

We fail to advertise.

We are too proud to commercialize our beauties of nature to Yankeeify our Torrents, our Natural Bridges, our High Bridge, 312 feet—a cantilever spanning the river on the Queen & Crescent Railway, the highest bridge in America. What a feat of engineering is King's Mountain Tunnel! Not in length comparable to the Hoosac probably, but worthy of note. Here scenery—tree, parasite, vine green or many colored till winter; here water maples, green after trees are bare and denuded in the parched Bluegrass.

I find up here a high power telephone system replacing the telegraph on the entire line of railway 200 miles, and it is said to be so satisfactory that it will replace the Morse alphabet, for in using the telephone system any station can be called direct, while the telegraph system makes it necessary to call all intervening operators to get the one you want.

The L. & N. owns its own line for running trains and an additional line for railway business purposes.

Everybody has heard of moonshine 'stills and some of us

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And Next to M. E. Church

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JACKSON KY.

have smelled 'em, but the moonshine schools are a new thing under the s—— moon.

I hear that some of the pupils are in the sere and yellow leaf; but who go upon the motto better late than never. Here we have the contrast, youth teaching grandpap how to spell; pretty schoolma'ns making garrulity and senility mind their lessons.

It reminds me of Thos. Hood's rude wood cut of "Better Late Than Never" in one of his "Comic Annuals," where the Great Master of Fun drew pictures of old scouts standing in a row "saying" their lessons and one derelict perched up on a dunce's stool with a tall fool's cap on his head.

I heard of a sprightly old lady seventy years old who is said to be learning rapidly, and she thinks it the greatest fun of her life.

Herbert Spencer once told a fellow that his early education had been sadly neglected because he played such a rotten game of billiards. Children as a rule would like to neglect their early education till they are eligible for the Methuselah classes, but fond parents shouldn't indulge 'em too far.

NO HOOK WORM.

I do not hear of any terra alba eaters any more and if there are any vermiculous gentry hereabouts they conceal the fact.

I think it is largely a fake to separate John D. Rockefeller from his ill-gotten coin.

If the special doctors didn't find hook-worms their occupation would be gone.

If the hook-worm is so easily routed why isn't the simple remedy made public? It would spoil the game and kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Listen to an extract from a hook-worm doctor at Tazewell, Va.:

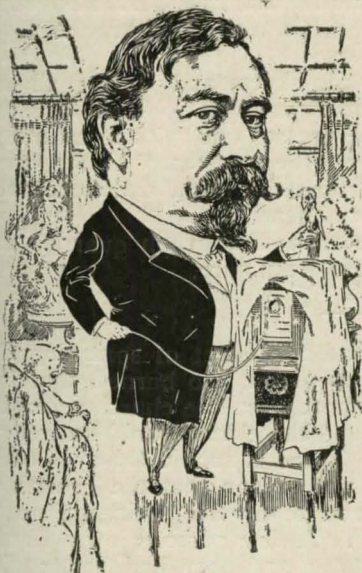
"The diagnosis of the disease is very simple, and consists of the examination of a portion of the discharge from the bowels the size of a bean with the microscope. It is not at all necessary to see the person examined.

"The treatment is very simple, safe and certain, and requires only two or three doses of medicine, which may be taken on Sunday without any loss of time from work or school."

We guess the microscope is to pull the wool over the eyes and that the remedy is:

V-e-r-m-i-f-u-g-e.

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LIFE SAFER IN JACKSON CITY THAN IN NEW YORK CITY.

Despite its national and international reputation, life is as safe in Jackson City as it is anywhere if one attends to his own business and avoids Snake Valley. Here is a mountain town of 3,000 population with only one policeman and but little for him to do except collect city taxes and electric light bills.

If Jackson had licensed saloons it would take a company of State Guards to keep the peace.

Nothing is truer than this from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"Life is safer among the feudists of the mountains of Kentucky than it is in the Borough of Manhattan. Living is less fuddled in the Bluegrass than the Bronx. Even the scrub politicians who sometimes work into places of emolument and honor here are a trifle cleaner and less ravenous than the wolves who there prowl at all hours of the day and night between the purlieus of the Great White Way and the Legislative Red Light in the Capitol at Albany."

LITHOGRAPH STONE.

It may not be generally known that the best lithograph stone is found in the mountains of Kentucky; the kind used by Puck and Judge and comic papers.

I have seen them printing the sheets and putting all the colors on the cartoons with one impression. Heretofore the papers had to be run through the presses one color at a time.

Of course the drawings have to be transferred to the stone and then treated chemically to turn the trick, and hence the comic sections are produced very cheap.

I do not now recall where these lithograph quarries are to be found—up here some where I am sure.

The recent fire here has had the effect of springing the price of business sites. The sites of the two burned churches on Main street are now worth more than the churches originally cost for business purposes and the elders would do well to rebuild on more suitable sites. There is such a thing as overreaching, however, and that is the reason that the growth of Whitesburg is retarded while new towns are springing up all along the new line of railroad. A few persons own all the good building sites in Whitesburg and they had better give some of them away if they would harvest the unearned increment on the others.

From Fleming to McRoberts there is a row of miners' houses five miles long.

JACKSON CITY RECRUITING STATION.

At Jackson City there is a large armory building used for drilling, etc., and the Jackson City Recruiting Station for the United States Army receives more enlistments than at any station south of the Ohio River I hear from credible authority.

Mountain men are fighting men and Kentuckians are fighters. History shows that there were more Kentuckians enlisted in the Spanish-American war, the Civil war, the war with Mexico, the war of 1812, according to population, than nearly any other Southern State. Mountain men are big, powerful fellows; young men mostly who enlist; men of courage and fine marksmen; sometimes "ignorant, wary and good shots," like the Boers.

"Squirrely Eye" gained his euphonious soubriquet because he could put a rifle ball through the head of a chipmunk. The mountain lad never lets any game escape his deadly "bead."

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WOOLFOLK COFFEE COMPANY

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY**

ARMY OF LAWYERS.

One wonders how the many busy lawyers get so much business, as the criminal practice, though dockets are swollen isn't enough to support nearly forty lawyers in Jackson. But there is much civil practice, and then the great coal companies, timber companies and mineral companies have to have abstracts of titles, and there is also much land in dispute there is also much land held in adverse possession, making much litigation by men and companies holding land patents and land grants, etc. Besides all this, there are so many incorporated companies formed and forming; saw mills, independent branch railroads to get out timber, mineral companies, stone, tie, spoke and log companies; non-mineral companies, etc., and all of these companies have to be represented by able lawyers. Many land lawyers practice in the Circuit Courts, the Federal Courts, the Appellate Courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States, where vast areas of timber and coal lands were and are in dispute. Many successful lawyers have enriched themselves as attorneys for clients, and it is said that "it wouldn't be healthy" for some of these lawyers to get far away from their homes "where men hold a grievance."

ances" for being ousted from lands "holt by dad and pap 'way back yander."

There are of course briefless lawyers and lawyers who adorn the profession without actively practicing—interesting men who at some time may become famous as one bound into the arena—at the psychological moment; geniuses, not plodders, like Mr. Mark Anthony, when all he needed was that mantle "shot" full of holes to make good; lawyers who make and unmake Congressmen, Governors, Senators and Presidents.

May their tribe increase; never grow—excuse the paradox of language—beautifully less.

"NIMBLE FINGERED" LADIES.

Jackson has quite a number of expert typists and stenographers, all busy as cranberry merchants or wasps in the cherry trees.

I am indebted to Miss Lizzie Landrum for a list of names which adorn this profession. Miss Landrum is in the office of Adams & Holliday in the First National Bank building, and I

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Miss Landrum is quite a social favorite and an elocutionist of rare "expression" and mimicry. She is a sister of Miss Mattie Landrum, stenographer for the Hargis Commercial Bank and Trust Company, and she, too, is a social favorite.

JACKSON STENOGRAPHERS.

Miss Rose Osborn, Cynthiana, Ky.
Miss Lizzie Landrum, Jackson, Ky.
Miss Mattie Landrum, Jackson, Ky.
Miss Mollie Stidham, Jackson, Ky.
Miss Maggie Hagins, Jackson, Ky.
Mrs. Gertrude Conley, Jackson, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Kaufman, Jackson, Ky.
Mrs. Calloway Howard, Jackson, Ky.
Mr. Joe Brophy, Jackson, Ky.
Mr. Herschel Back, Jackson, Ky.
Mr. Daniel Patrick, Hindman, Ky.

GRANDEUR OF SCENERY.

Recently a student from another State went from Lexington to Jackson to spend Sunday and he said my descriptions of scenery were not exaggerations.

He is not an artist, but to the artist with an eye for the beautiful, the grand and the magnificent what splendid scenery is unfolded! There is no historic homes; no *mise en scene*; nothing but hills and cliffs and knolls and massive boulders as if placed on pinnacles by hands titanic at Natural Bridge, at Torrent, etc. This scenery is not duplicated beyond, not even in Breathitt County, nor in Perry or Letcher Counties, where the mountains recede from the river, and the valley is more "open;" less imposing.

I fear I dwell too much on scenery—some Swiss traveller or Hudson River tourist may be disappointed, but if he be I recommend to him a boat ride from High Bridge to Hickman Bridge on the noble Kentucky River for scenery unsurpassed anywhere. Here one finds the frowning cliffs steeped in natural glories—here, too, as it came from the handiwork of nature; no ruined battlements; no ancestral castles; no towers of feudal lords, but now and then a home or a cottage or a cabin of some sturdy farmer or lowly fisherman.

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There, however, is a panorama of changing scenery, hills and cliffs covered with tree and flower and shrub and vine; now bright in evergreen, now gloomy, now stately, now solemn in grandeur and magnificence: stately, rugged, quaint and curious; now peaceful glades, smiling meadows, hanging gardens; silver cascades; gushing waterfalls; trickling springs of limpid water; pine, poplar, cedar and stately forestry.

Here are duplicated Scottish prototypes wild in wonders of crag and cave and retreat; hanging rocks; vineclad boulders, pawpaws and honeysuckles.

The most picturesquely beautiful scenery is between Stanton and St. Helens. There it is frowning and portentous and titanic. These embattlements up among the clouds are awe-inspiring. Frowning, overhanging cliffs, protean boulders, make Lilliputians and pigmies of us all. They look the handiwork of Hercules and other mythological powers.

As we progress around the devious windings of the North Fork the mountains become more open and friendly. There is, however, mountains and stream and forestry and flower; gorge and crag; crevass and cascade and waterfalls; Nature with the veil rent for the first time to human eye by the railroad. Here may surfeit nature lover, artist, poet.

As for Natural Bridge, I never thought enough of it to climb the cliffs and knolls to reach it; a sort of weak imitation of Natural Bridge in Virginia, but yet for picnickers worth the climb, and especially for laughing lass and lover, for there are numberless places for pussy-wants-a-corner; hidden cloisters where the devil and an opportunity yield secret and forbidden pleasures most evanescent; where many an innocent maiden, 'tis said, "met the wrong man."

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DISSERTATION ON "LAWLESSNESS" OF OFFICIALS.

It is a fact in criminology of the mountains that the "tough customers" are frequently reformed and become good citizens by elevating them to offices, and so there is no end of Deputy Sheriffs and Constables and Deputy Constables in Breathitt, Perry and Letcher Counties. It has had a salutary effect in many instances I hear and frequently Sheriffs, Jailers, County Attorneys and County Judges are "reformed," bad men elevated to offices of dignity and power. It is believed that the present County Judge Ol Crawford is going to make good now that he has taken the oath of office. He was elected by the Democrats in spite of the Special Judge Allie Young's butter-milk reforms term when Ol Crawford was put under a peace bond because, forsooth he exercised a little freedom of speech in a loud and impressive manner when his indignation got the better of his judgment. It was thought by his political enemies that this "indignity" would defeat him for County Judge but in a few days thereafter it acted as a boomerang and Ol came in a winner; and it is dollars to doughnuts that he makes a good and faithful and honorable official.

DIALOGUE ON PISTOL TOTIN'.

"I knowed our State Senator Charlee D. Arnold 'd put his foot in it afore he got through."

"What he done, Ab?"

"Why, I heerd he drawed a bill to pervent free 'merican citizens from the habit o' totin' his own weepens on his own dung hill; haven't got the sense he was borned with."

"He shore ain't. Let's get even by puttin' the panic on him for exposin' his ignorance o' pervailin' customs in free Kentuck. Why, without our shootin' irons half the joy o' livin'—while ye live o' co'se—would be gone glimmerin' shore. Thar'd be no rivalry twixt fellers with notches on their guns; civilization would go butt-back'ards an' the art o' hittin' the "mark" would be lost to our progeny! Away with Red Head Arnett and his dern dead letter hypocrisy."

"Some men has just got to be "plugged" an' the sooner we clean up the "deck" the better it'll be fur them an' thar famblies an' serciety in gen'ral."

NATURAL LIVING HEALTHY.

Here is a climate free from eugenics, race suicide, appendicitis and pellagra. There are communities where appendicitis is popular and the salutation is:

"Good morning! Have you been 'plugged'?"

Pellagra is another fashionable fraud. Once it was said to be caused by the use of musty meal, and if so I wonder that it was not epidemic from 1861 to 1870 when the poor people lived on it and rye coffee and long-sweetening. When fathers count their progeny from eight to a dozen, race suicide is out of the question and the crusade for eugenics makes the healthy

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bucks that snuff the mountain air, smile in derision when the name is defined. It belongs to hot-house civilization and it's degenerating, neurotic practices.

Learned medical societies now say that pellagra is spread by fleas and bed bugs. Whether they do or not, we are for-
inist 'em.

BRAVO, MESDAMES BUSBY AND CROUSE.

Two heroic women standing at the mouth of Snake Valley, Mesdames Crouse, of Paducah, and Busby, of Irvine, have for over two years "bottled up" the iniquitous "mouth" with a Mission and Lookout that worked a complete change in social conditions. It is again The Deformed Transformed.

Two women have done what all the preachers and all the prayers and all the officials and the press failed to do. They copped the snake; they scotched the venomous reptile head and tail, and every officer in Jackson who failed to do so are rich and liberal in their praise of what a little Mission if properly planted and fed and nourished can accomplish.

I never saw either of these dames to know them; don't know whether they are handsome or homely, but certainly the victory they won beautifies and beatificizes 'em in my defective vision.

Now, ladies, on To Frozen!

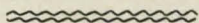
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

CHARLES HADDEN.

The above named gentleman would, if he were a candidate, perhaps win the prize over all rivals for popularity with men not natives of Jackson or Breathitt County, for Mr. Hadden is a product of Montgomery County, and more of the same stock is needed the world over. Mr. Hadden is one of those men whom his congenial partner (Stivers) can "monkey" with, as they say, in common parlance, without ruffling the amiability of his sweetness of temper, but not that he is devoid of the celestial fire if it needs to be started. I first knew Mr. Hadden in 1911 when a calamity befell him in the shape of a fire entailing a heavy loss; wiped out; and such a young man, too, to be the father of a large family. Mr. Hadden had educational advantages; was graduated from Transylvania Uni-

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The Most Pretentious and Representative Monthly
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¶ Devoted to Kentucky subjects, and Kentucky interests,
Political, Social, Educational, Literary, Historical.

Edited by Ryland C. Musick.

Office of Publication, Jackson, Kentucky.

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versity. Mr. Hadden spent twelve years with the Hargis Bros. and Floyd Day as clerk and bookkeeper in their general merchandising business.

He is one of a remarkable family of eight sons and two daughters, and his parents are alive and well at present. Mr. Hadden was married to Miss Malvery Barnett, of Breathitt County, and they have four sons in the last statistical estimate; but short on daughters.

The Hipp Annex Pool Room, which is so admirably conducted, is managed by Mr. Hadden, and while it is at all hours liberally patronized, both billiard and pool tables, "Charlie" knows how to handle the toughest of 'em diplomatically, and it is as orderly as a dry goods store, which is to his credit. Mr. Hadden has frequently served as civil magisterial officer, and is at present on the City Council, and he is and always has been an advocate of good and efficient and clean government without being a fanatic or skinflint.

POLICE JUDGE GRANNIS BACK,

who is now serving in this official capacity—an office that is usually despised when run for revenue only—is just at the right age to go wrong or make good—24. He is single; he is trained. He is academic. He attended Central University, and then for some inexplicable reason descended to a term at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Grannis was licensed to practice the noble profession of law at Hindman, Ky. There is high hope of him.

COUNTY JUDGE J. OLIVER CRAWFORD.

I was exceedingly gratified when "Ol" Crawford was awarded the contest in the County Judge's race, as the Democratic candidate on personal grounds, as I had known Oliver, and was personally fond of him and his mirth and his magnetism which I felt the first time I ever saw him. He came into the Breathitt County News office to have some dance invitations printed, and that alone would have endeared me to him, for I dearly love a gallant man, and when a fellow goes ahead and gets up a "hop," as we used to say, now a "tango," if that isn't obsolete by the time this sketch goes to press, he grapples me as with hooks of steel, and if I can't be his Hamlet I want to be his Horatio.

There was a great howl put up when Ol Crawford offered for the Democratic nomination for County Judge, by persons, however, who had no say-so in that matter; that he was too young, and that he lacked experience; trying to discount him in one way or another, because the opposition feared him and knew that he would be a winner.

We recall the answer of Pitt as to youth.

Oliver Crawford was born January 4, 1885, at Athol, Breathitt County, a station on the Lexington & Eastern Railway, where I had stopped once to get a gasoline launch ride up the North Fork. One reaches Athol before arriving at Jackson. Ollie imbibed some education in common schools, but the most of it wouldn't "stick," and so his parents, who were determined, had to pick out a chain of colleges to keep the precocious youngster at the Pierian Spring till he learned to drink "hearty" in it. They knew that he was apt, for oh, so apt was Ol at other things—some said poker, for instance—which is one of our fine arts. Be that as it may, and so these fond parents, while they may have spared the rod, didn't spare the bank account. Look what he got:

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 University of Louisville.
 University of Virginia.

His father is S. J. Crawford, born in Breathitt County, and now lives at Irvine, and his mother was Nannie Hargis, who lived long enough to see her son elected, who was in the hospital at Lexington at the time, but who died at her home in December, 1913. She was a sister of Senator Alex Hargis.

Oliver was admitted to practice law at Salyersville in 1910. He was married to Miss Hardwick at Stanton, in Powell County, and the happy pair reside in Jackson City on Jefferson street.

Oliver's father was Sheriff of Breathitt one term.

Besides Oliver, there are eight others of the "brood," all healthy, hearty and hopeful: Arch, Clay, Ben, Alexander; and sisters Gertrude (Mrs. Horton), Evelyn, Elvira and Hazel.

The man who could successfully teach school in Breathitt County as a "kid" ought to make a premier County Judge, and here's hoping that he does do it in a large and sensible and liberal way.

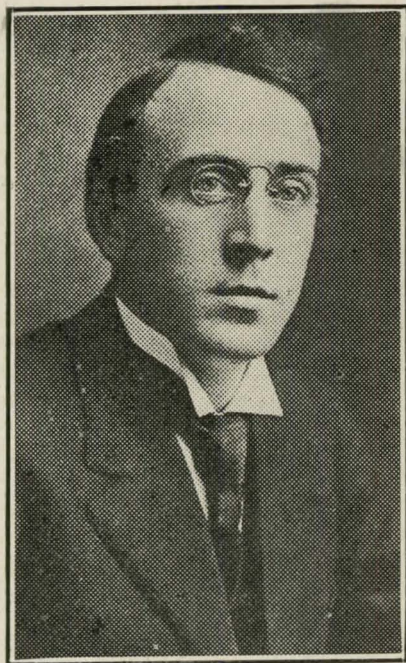
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN BACK.

While not in point of years the Nestor of the Jackson City bar, he is considered as at the "head and front of the offending;" easily the leader in all forms of civil and criminal practice in all the mountains of Eastern Kentucky; and in the practice in the Court of Appeals, and yet he was born February 12, 1861, at the opening of hostilities, and hence is but little over fifty years of age. Besides being a great lawyer, he is known as the first citizen of Jackson City to purchase a buggy; and in this departure he was in a class by himself for a l-o-n-g time. Now there are traps and ponies, etc. He arrived on Lincoln Day, at Quicksand, and his father was James Back, of Letcher County; his mother Patsy Hagins, of Breathitt County. He attended Central University at Richmond, Ky., and was licensed to practice law at West Liberty in 1887. He also served his apprenticeship as a school teacher.

Successful as Judge Back has been, office never tempted him. He was appointed County Attorney one year; too busy to seek office.

Besides his extensive practice, Judge Back represents a number of incorporated companies which are active in the Great Development, among them being:

Kentucky Coal & Timber Development Co.
 Breathitt Coal, Iron & Lumber Co.
 Huntington Contracting Co.
 Day Coal & Lumber Co.



RYLAND C. MUSICK

"THE KENTUCKIAN."

By far the most pretentious monthly publication ever started in Kentucky is "The Kentuckian," which was ushered into being at Jackson City in November, 1913, which has attracted wide comment and seems destined to be a permanency, as its scope is wide and as it is broad and non-partizan and non-political, although it is edited and owned by Ryland Christmas Musick, a former Jackson City editor of the Jackson Times. So far it has refrained from showing that it has an "inspired" mission in favor of any candidate for United States Senator or for Governor and it seems to give both sides to other live issues, such as Prohibition, Woman Suffrage, etc., equal show as regards space, etc., the editor occupying a position of dignified neutrality.

The many subjects pertaining to Kentucky, Education, Development, etc., are given liberal space in the wholesome publication, which has everywhere been received with flatter-

ing comment. It is \$1 a year, and it depends largely upon subscriptions for support, for it is in no sense an advertising sheet, nor can it be charged with being a "campaign" sheet, for state politics, etc.

Ryland C. Musick whose picture adorns this sketch was born in Russell county, Virginia, December 25, 1884, and made his advent as a Christmas gift. He had splendid educational advantages at Georgetown College, and at Transylvania University, where he took the degree of A. B., in 1907. Mr. Musick was admitted to the bar in Frankfort, and practiced in Lexington, and later at Jackson, where he also edited the Jackson Times. His father, Rev. E. F. Musick was a Baptist preacher. He married Miss Bessie Juanita Peoples of Jonesboro, Tenn., and they have a young hopeful three-years-old named Arthur Judson; and twin sons born April 19, named R. Dalton Porter Musick and H. Walton Camden Musick. Editor Musick served as City Attorney of Jackson City by appointment and was Secretary and Vice-President of the Jackson Commercial Club which is now, we believe, the Business Men's Club.

HOSPITAL FOR JACKSON CITY.

Jackson City which has felt the pressing necessity for a Hospital for several years and especially since the new development and extension of the railways, the number of accidents in the mills and on the logging railway lines and the great development in mining and gas and oil wells has felt the heavy burden of sending patients to Lexington hospitals, has now organized a hospital where patients can be received from all along the different lines of railway and the institution will be chartered and incorporated and there will be a regular corps of skilled surgeons and trained nurses. The trachoma disease too, is very prevalent and many poor people are neglected as it now is for the Lexington hospitals are close corporations and the expense is considerable, and the government has established a Trachoma Sanitarium at Jackson City for the exclusive treatment of the disease.

DEFY THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

It is always an infinite delight to me to revisit Jackson City for there I meet men who in less than five minutes conversation upset the scheme of redemption and overthrow the plan of salvation. I meet the predatory bands, mulctors, the land pirates, the cannibals, and the criminologists all joy-

ously enjoying living while they live a mighty good and wholesome doctrine: "Dum vivimus vivamus; dum spero spiro." Yes, there is the livest bunch at Jackson City heading for Dante's Seventeenth Hell I ever saw and I am always on the lookout for signs of health and vitality. I do not believe that there is a man among them who would let a trained nurse take his temperature or reckon his pulse if he were dying; it would be considered effeminate and anti-Greek. That one of this tough and promising bunch would poke out his tongue to an amateur nurse would be ridiculous.

After a conflagration there is an aftermath of good from the ill winds: At Jackson there were so many fire, smoke and sacrifice sales that one puzzles his locomotion in choosing between them.

Jackson is in the arid belt and in consequence of the water not being of the best it is a chase of the pop-shop and the dope-shop for the headacy early riser and will it not in time mean a return to low license for the sale of beverage? There are sane people who are sick and tired of the intolerant rule of the Blue law bunch of bigots; people see where the Plymoth Rock and Rye Dance of Death would be preferable to the forty-seven different kinds of Dopes now on sale; habit forming drugs.

ROSTER OF JACKSON BAR.

Jackson has by far the strongest bar in Eastern Kentucky there being many able pleaders and jurists among them. There are of course lawyers and lawyers. The whole number according to the census taken in February 1914 is as follows: Adams and Holliday, Kash and Kash, Calloway Howard, O. H. Pollard, A. H. Patton, Kash C. Williams, Chester Gurlley, J. J. C. Back, Chester Back, Grannis Back, R. C. Musick, South Strong, W. H. Blanton, W. L. Hammond, T. T. Cope, W. M. Cope, J. Wise Hagins, R. A. Hurst, J. O. Crawford, John T. Hindman, Tom Steele, Z. T. Hurst, L. C. Roark, H. H. Miller, Sam E. Patton.

CIVIL ENGINEERING AND SURVEYING.

Among the experts is civil engineering and surveying, may be found Messrs. Conley, Beuris and Kempt, all of whom maintain separate offices, and they have for years successfully done business on a large scale. Mr. Kempt has offices in the Crawford building and he is a brother of Mr. I. T. Kempt, the walnut stump expert who is connected with a Chicago veneering manufactory. Mr. Beuris has offices in the Hargis

Bank building, and Mr. Conley may be found on Broadway in the A. H. Patton building.

JACKSON PLUMBING & MACHINE CO.

Mr. T. J. Turner of Harrodsburg, Ky., who was for several years the manager of the Cumberland Telephone Company and who recently resigned has embarked in the plumbing business with Mr. B. F. Hurst in the Jackson Plumbing and Machine Supply company and the firm has offices in the First National Bank building. Mr. Turner is the manager and that he will make good goes without saying. They will handle also American Radiators and Ideal Boilers, Steam and Gasoline engines, Sewer Pipe and Mill supplies and Burton's Domestic Supply Plants. This is now an important business and it will grow when a water system is put in. Mr. B. F. Hurst is of Richmond. This firm has now under contract a \$15,000 job at the Wolf Valley Coal company near Jackson and they have the contract for eight cars of sewer pipe, heating and plumbing, etc. Several large brick buildings are now in process of construction, one by Mr. Porter Crain near the Hipp Theatre and Jackson is alive and moving at a lively gait.

The new firm has the best wishes of the entire business community in its important undertaking and success awaits them sure for they deserve it.

OSCAR A. SEARS.

(From "Story of Hazard, the Pearl of the Mountains," by Louis Pilcher.)

One of the most active men in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky on foot, and intellectually, is Colonel Oscar A. Sears, a native of the Buckeye State, another "Ohio man" whose residence has been for the past nine years of the Great Development, at Jackson, Breathitt county—you've heard of it. Mr. Sears is a six footer, and is noted for his strides, as in Seven League Boots, and his feats of pedestrianism are remarkable over the mountain fastnesses, inspecting vast ereas of timber and coal lands, buying and leasing and dealing in thousands of rich acres for himself and his Eastern interests, a busy man; here today, tomorrow in New York, or Boston, or Chicago. Everybody knows Colonel Oscar Sears as the human motor, his physical and mental energy being remarkable, and then, when Colonel Sears "knocks off," as it were, he is as bright and as charming and as playful as a sixteen-year-old; the morning

thereafter, astride a horse, booted and spurred, over the hills and far away. Some of his envious enemies, because he is a successful promoter, and a man of action who "does things" on a huge scale, are inclined to "knock" the Colonel, as a "wild-catter," in prodigious land deals and timber leases, but he is too busy, and too happy in his diligence in business, serving the Lord, to take notice of the envious crew who go snarling at his fast flying heels. He is a type of men, taking the Emersonian aphorism, "Builted better than they knew," and his father was a product of Old Bay State, men who "Hitch their Wagon to a Star," and hence I felt immensely interested in the son; but I had despaired of getting anything about him and his busy life in my poor little book, when Goddess of Chance smiled, and I "caught him on the fly," as they say in baseball parlance, making a dash out of the Phoenix Hotel (in Lexington; which is redundant, for there is but one Phoenix); and holding him up at the point of a forty-eight caliber (metaphorically speaking), I forced him to disgorge the few and beggarly account of his life's chapters of which would be material for the fictionist and the romancist, no doubt.

Colonel Sears looks youthful and boyish in personal pulchritude, smooth shaven, florid in complexion, reddish flaxen hair, brown eyes not unlike the proud American eagle; pleasing, vivacious in manner, quick and alert in speech, gallant and Chesterfieldian in meeting one and saying adieu, filled with nerve and pleasantries of speech, to meet him, one gets a revelation as to what men, heal men, can accomplish in the mountains, who say nothing about affairs that do not concern them, but saw wood while others loaf and invite their oversouls to loll, and take part, as it were, in small bier, and festering grudges and paralyzing feuds; too momentous are affairs for him to indulge in such back number vagaries. More men of the type of Colonel Sears, with his wooden (?) nutmeg ancestry so to speak, are needed in the vast and illimitable and undiscovered fields of wealth, richer than the Klondike mines, are needed to wave the magic wand, and turn the barren places into gold, and make "sorry" vistas to blossom as the rose.

A brief biographical sketch and I will have done, leaving the photographer and the engraver to tell the reader at a glance, more than all of my weak efforts at a pen picture of one among a hundred of powerful and influential "progressives" from the East, who are out-stripping our happy-go-lucky Kentucky financial plodders, who have not learned the lesson till too late, "Nothing venture, nothing have," in the battle of Big Business, and the Battle of life; in the evolutionary struggle for existence, in which the timid and the weaker are inevitably

forced to the wall. O, ye Kentucky Capitalists, "When found make a note ou," and ye who procrastinate and temporize, "get a move on" before all the rich Eastern Kentucky prizes are pre-empted and nailed down by more enterprising "barbarians" of the effete (?) East, whose heralds, such men as Colonel Sears are, while you hoard your bags of gold and ruminate and suck your thumbs till too late, will be the dirge.

Oscar Sears is a superb specimen of physical and mental manhood (we are too busy to bother much as yet about the moral ethics of men; but unfair and ungallant as it is, never too busy to put the test on the women); a million dollar bachelor in his thirties, having first sailed his queer little craft into port without a stitch of riffin', landing at Columbus, Ohio, June 4, 1874. Oscar attended "grammar schools" (such torture ought to be abolished); and later attended the University of Michigan. Oscar is a happy "cross" between Ohio and Massachusetts, his mother who still lives being Tilda Clark of Ohio, his father E. Sears, deceased, an old Bay Stater, and Oscar was the first born, there being two sisters, both married. Oscar A. Sears is the John C. C. Mayo, the Second, of the glorious mountains of far-famed and far-flung and far-fabled, Eastern Kentucky. Having traveled on foot, and on the hurricane deck of a mu-el, every bridle and porcine path, dear reader, if you want information at first hand from the Original Development Explorer, bearing the Torch of Progress aloft in his puissant hand, ask Oscar; if you want to buy a thousand or tens of thousands of acres of "wealth," out-stripping the tales of the Argonauts, or the 49ers or the wildest flights of fiction, see Oscar, for he does Protean feats in business, while others turn an hundred or ten acres and imagine they are real estaters. If you are fond of the Tales of the Arabian Nights, spend an evening with Oscar, and if you've got a million "bucks" in your jeans look sharp, or Oscar is the laddie to relieve you of it and then leave you rich beyond the boundaries of usury, or the troubled dreams of Dante's avaricious characters, who toil endlessly, to roll their bags of vulgar gold up the hills, to spill it all just before gaining the crest, never—never—n-e-v-e-r—reaching a safe "landing."

Mr. Sears has a suite of offices on the tenth floor of the Fayette National Bank building, Lexington, Ky., and in his absence he is ably assisted by his stenographer, Miss Etta Thompson.

GREEN HADDIX.

At present retired, was born in Jackson and he secured his education at Lees Institute. He served as a member of

the City Council. Mrs. Haddix was Mis Cora Landrum and they have two young daughters, Maurine and Eula, and one son Granville Howard. Mr. Haddix is one of the City School Trustees. Mr. Haddix was too successful as a staple and fancy grocer to remain long out of business. It was his stone and brick building on Main street that checked the fire up Main Street.

JAMES H. HAMMONS.

One of the best known and most popular men in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky is the subject of this sketch. He is an associate of Mayor Lewis Hays of the Jackson Real Estate and Insurance company. Jim Hammon as everybody calls him, was born in Lee county, near Proctor, October 6, 1872 and he says he was self taught. His father, John Hammons after being jailer of Lee county for eight years where he eventually mastered the culinary art of pleasing boarders, had a southwestern experience in Oklahoma, soon to return and no longer to roam from his own fireside. He served Beattyville on the City Council and was chairman of the Republican county committee for ten years. Mrs. Hammons was Miss Alice Daniel of Proctor, Ky. They have two gifted daughters, Cleta, aged 15, and Eula, aged 13, both with highly trained musical education. Mr. Hammons is in the forefront of every public enterprise as a promoter and he is indentified with such secret orders as the Junior Order U. A. M., Masonic, and as side issues has been landlord of hotels at Jackson and Beattyville.

MAYOR LEWIS HAYS, JR.

This spunky little Mayor who came up smiling after the fire fiend had swept Jackson city—said “we’ll build better and bigger,”—was born in Knott county, Aug. 6, 1879 and attended Hindman Graded school and taught school for several years in Knott and Breathitt counties. His father was James Hays of Floyd county and his mother was Matilda McDaniel, of Perry county. His wife was Lena Peyton of Washington, Hempstead county, Arkansas. There are two boys, Elmer and James.

Mayor Hays is a member of the Jackson Real Estate and Insurance company, which does a great volume of business throughout the mountain counties.

I hear that Mrs. Hays is a fine cook and that she conducts one of the best private boarding houses in Jackson City.

I am glad a Pilcher was once Mayor of London, England; and I am glad that General William E. Pilcher was twice May-

or of the city of Louisville. It takes courage to be a good and faithful mayor.

I. N. FRIEDMAN.

The clothing merchant of Jackson City, is I. N. Friedman who was burned out on Main street, but like all of his remarkable race, he was soon, literally, on his feet again. But he has a remarkable wife who didn't mean to give up on account of one disaster. She was born in St. Petersburg, the Capitol of Russia. Mr. Friedman was also Russian, born at Bialistok. The business is now conducted on Court street and he is a live advertiser and gets the business. They have one son, Carl, who is railroading, and two daughters, Mrs. Corinne Smoot, and Rosa Lee, who is in school. After successfully conducting the business for fifteen years at Winchester, Ky., the Friedmans located in Jackson City, in April 1911. Both Mr. and Mrs. Friedman were well born and well bred, and hence they speak our language fluently. Their young daughter Rosa Lee is a radiant beauty, for a young miss hardly in her teens.

JERE ROBERT BLAKE.

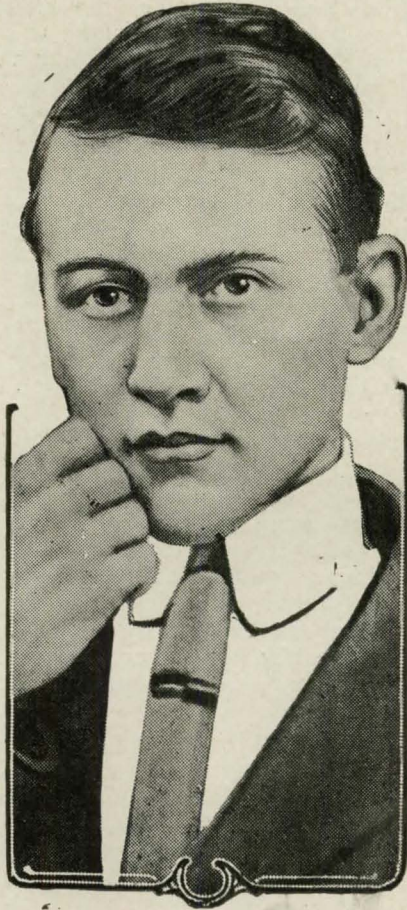
Who owns more land and town lots and brick and stone buildings than any other man in Jackson City was born in Nicholas county August 23, 1866. His father was Elias Blake, and his mother, Nancy Hamilton, both of Nicholas. Mr. Blake taught school for three years when he went to farming on Lost Creek in Breathitt county then he entered merchandising, and he was for many years a clerk for Hargis Bros.

The J. R. Blake general merchandise concern has been established for many years and a few years ago he saw everything destroyed by fire, but he had the site and he had the reputation and today he is richer than when disaster befell him.

The store keeps Mr. Blake and Mrs. Blake and two clerks on the run. Clifton Back and W. B. Landrum, both of whom have been with Mr. Blake for many years. Mrs. Blake was Miss Laura Hagins, a sister of Judge J. Wise Hagins. They have two daughters, Ida May and Martha, and one son, William. Mrs. Blake, who is a woman of rare intelligence and a sense of humor told me of meeting a gentleman at the table in a Louisville Hotel who affected surprise when she said that she resided at Jackson, who saw it from an exaggerated and distorted angle of vision of yellow press fabrications, who wanted to know if people didn't barricade themselves at night-fall, fearing to light even a tallow dip.

BURNS ELAM.

One of the most popular and successful business men of the Mountains of the younger generation, is Burns Elam, the manager of the Singer Sewing Machine company, whose handsome offices are in the Blake building, and where he is assisted by Miss Rachael Everage, and his brother, Melva Elam,



EMIN ELAM

and his trained corps of hustling agents, among whom are Tilden Back, and a dozen others who often climb giddy

heights with a machine on their broad backs; a feat that would put to blush the most daring Alpine climber.

Burns Elam's father, B. F. Elam is a remarkable man, and he was fourteen years old before he ever heard of a Santa Claus, or wore two new shoes simultaneously. Elam pere, soon learned to read a little, and then attended a writing school and so apt was he that he was made Assistant, and soon was the whole thing. All of his sons, he taught to write, and only one, Emin Elam, editor of the Salyersville Mountaineer, shows that he couldn't learn to write legibly, for he was in a hurry, and at 21 years of age was writing fiction for newspapers and magazines.

Burns Elam had an experience at merchandising for a while when he went to selling the machines which demonstrated that for centuries we were putting the "eye" through the wrong end of the needle. While in Jackson City, I was his guest, and indeed it was a happy home and he had married Miss Millie Day of Morgan county, a happy couple, an ideal case of natural selection. There was also Melva Elam, better known as "Ding," who had learned something of the printing craft in the office of the Breathitt County News in 1911 when I was one of the "push," and there was the young Miss Carrie, just in her teens, which made up the household on the Heights, and a happy time we made of it.

Every day there would be some mountain agent, and sometimes more overnight, and so I got to knowing his "force."

Burns Elam was born at Bloomington, Magoffin county, July 25, 1884. Besides being "county" educated, he took several correspondence school courses, and finally attended Hazel Green Academy, where he took the Teachers' course, and taught successfully at subscription schools. He was blessed with a fine mother who was Miss Lucinda Pugh, and who is still in robust health; her father being Rev. Pugh, who is about the biggest man in the Mountains, and still survives, the Republicans having recently nominated him for State Senator.

This will give an idea of Burns Elam's style, an extract from a letter he wrote to The Sewing Machine Times:

"I have been employed in the sewing machine business for the past three years with the Singer company, as salesman and collector, and like the work immensely. I have a very good business here, for there has been over one hundred miles of new railroad just completed in this—the eastern section of the state.

The railroad, like the sewing machine, has caused the up-

lift of civilization, and without them the world could not go round. The railroad extends through good timber forests and coal fields, therefore making plenty of money in circulation.

Business has been great for me in the past, but I expect a more profitable success in the near future on account of the helping hand the railroad affords us in the transportation of machines. No more pulling up hills and over field trucks, and so no more delay. Just like bosom friends, the railroad and the sewing machine will work together, ever ready to help each other to the best of their ability.

Like the railroad and sewing machine, I have made many friends and by fair treatment have built up a good trade in my territory.

W. L. EVERSOLE.

I found a curiosity general store in Jackson City conducted by W. L. Eversole and most successfully, too. I wondered how he ever found any of the many articles of merchandise, as it was a jumbled general stock, and one would have surmised that such disorder was the result of a disordered or alienated mind; but not so, for Mr. Eversole has a level head, and he explained why he did it that way. He was in a fire-trap building that no enterprising insurance agent would write: not at exorbitant rates, so he said that every day he had to pile about one-third of his stock on the sidewalk in order to squeeze himself in for action. He will some day have a commodious building. The method of his "madness" attracts crowds daily, of all classes and conditions; and a great many of his customers obligingly wait on themselves, and he says that it is very rare that an article is stolen, for the natives are singularly honest.

Mr. Eversole was born in Perry county, but he didn't say whether his family participated in the French-Eversole feuds at Hazard. Abner Eversole, his father, was once Assessor of Perry county. He was a member of the Legislature in 1876. Mr. Eversole had held other offices; was Police Judge of Jackson City, and was in the Internal Revenue service. He was a guard at the State penitentiary for two years, and he was Deputy Sheriff of Perry County, and has been interested in timber and logging.

HENRY PRICE SEWELL.

Is a son of Hon. G. W. Sewell and he was born in Jackson, Ky., March 9, 1874, and he received his educational finish at Lees Institute when he entered merchandising with Hergis Bros. and Day Bros. for the past fifteen years. Miss Sewell

was Miss Margaret Kash and they have two hopeful young sons, Frank K. and H. P., Jr. Mr. Sewell is a member of the City Council and he is an expert accountant.

HON. GEO. W. SEWELL.

One of the most representative men of Jackson, prominently identified with every step in the evolution of the development of Jackson and Breathitt county is Geo. W. Sewell, an ex-Confederate soldier who was a member of the Orphan's Brigade for three years and who sustained three wounds. Mr. Sewell is also the father of a large family of sons and daughters, all the sons in business.

Mr. Sewell was licensed to practice law years ago. He was a member of the Legislature 1883-4. He served the people in different official capacities, and is at present President of the Commercial Club. Thirty years ago he entered the Real Estate business and Kentucky Union company is still in existence. He was born at Tazewell, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1841. His cences and I spent several hours with him most profitably. He Margaret Harmon of Lewisburg, Virginia.

Mr. Sewell married Miss Elizabeth Spencer of Breathitt, now deceased. Mr. Sewell is filled with interesting reminiscences and I spent several hours with him most profitably. He told me of an old grist and carding mill on the Pan Handle, etc.

KASH C. WILLIAMS.

Kash C. Williams had just retired from the office of County Superintendent of schools and he was in the act of swinging his shingle as a limb o' the law when I had several pleasant interviews with him and he made his office most inviting to me besides lending me his typewriter—I mean his typewriting machine. I talked with him about the booming and bounding southwest and he took a look at Oklahoma and New Mexico to return satisfied to fight it out in grand old Breathitt county. His brother was appointed to a deputy collectorship of Internal Revenue for the Eighth District, and so the pair of popular young men are contented.

Kash C. Williams, the retired County School Commissioner was born on Quicksand Creek, December 7, 1882. His father was G. V. Williams and his mother was Elizabeth Kash, both of Breathitt county. Kash Williams attended the local college Lees Institute and taught five terms. He was elected Superintendent of Schools and made a faithful official. He was licensed to practice law. For several years he conducted the Imperial hotel. Mr. Williams went on a Southwestern trip this fall. Mr. Williams is single.

W. S. CANNING.

Surveying and civil engineering is the pioneer in all progress, and there are a number of civil engineers at Jackson City, among them Mr. W. S. Canning, who has offices in the court house and who resides in a beautiful home, but who recently bought the choice lot in the Height's Addition, where he, some day, expects to rebuild something stunning in architectural beauty.

Mr. Canning was born in Pennsylvania in 1868 and he was educated in Sharon Hill public schools and took a course in Philadelphia. Mr. Canning operates as resident-manager of the Leete-Maupin Engineering company of Huntington, W. Va., and he was recently made inspector of construction of the rebuilt Breathitt county court house. His record in brief is as follows: Formerly with the Philadelphia and Reading Railway company; Winnifrede and Carbon Coal companies; the Dickinson and Laing companies of West Virginia. Later was with the Tennessee & North Carolina railroad, and the Coche County Tennessee Pike Commission.

Civil Engineer Canning works mines, tipples, plant construction, washeries, coke ovens. He also furnishes analyses of coal and surveys coal and timber lands.

At present he is a partner of the Leete-Canning company, incorporated, of Jackson City, Ky.

Mr. Canning was married to Miss Lula Boyd of West Virginia and their children are Lula D. and Winifrede. Mr. Canning is drawing for much of the work for the burnt district and for a perfect system of water works for the City.

JETT BROS.

This dry goods firm is located in the First National Bank building and the firm is composed of Will Jett and Sam Jett, Jr., and both are natives of Madison county. They are both efficient and urbane salesmen and do a large volume of business. Will S. Jett married Miss Della Mann of Breathitt county, and there are three sons and three daughters. June Jett is another brother, and he has a separate sketch. The father of the Jetts was Hiram Jett and their mother, Sarah E. Sewell, both of Breathitt county. Mrs. Sam Jett was Miss Evelyn Buech of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was formerly a teacher in Jackson. They have two young sons, Otis and Ivin. Mrs. Jett contributed the sketch in this book on the Social Side of Jackson City.

JUNE JETT.

June Jett was born near Richmond, Ky., and his mother Sarah J. Sewell was a half sister of Senator Alex Hargis, June attended high school and he taught school at Bowman school house. For years he has been with Hargis Bros. and Day Bros. He was married to Miss Carrie Day, daughter of Wm. Day. June is secretary of the graded school and a Democratic committeeman. His great grand father, Tom Sewell, Sr., built the first brick house east of Winchester and the Sewells and the Jetts were merchants on both sides. The Jetts was connected with the history of the building of the City of Washington, it being John Jett, Sr., who was associated with the celebrated Frenchman L'Enfant, who so admirably laid off the Capitol City of the United States and to whose memory we were so tardy in giving a memorial recognition in the shape of a statue.

Their grand father's father, Stephen Jett, fought with Texas against Mexico when that state gained her independence; his father, John Jett, Jr., was an officer in the navy during the Revolution and served as an officer on the "Manly Galley." June Jett's wife's mother, Mrs. Day, was formerly Miss Marion, of Virginia and a descendant of Francis Marion, and is a member-at-large of the D. A. R. A short sketch of the Jett Genealogy can be found in January Register "State Historical Society" printed at Frankfort, Ky.

TILDEN BACK.

Tilden Back is the champion "footer" of the mountains as a Singer Sewing Machine agent. He is broad of back, with a chest like an athlete; strong of wind, loin and limb; and he is one of the liveliest wires in all the mountain country. It is no trouble, but play for Til to shoulder a machine weighing 150 pounds and carry a valise sometimes containing breakable "goods" where any mountain buck can meander and it's fun to hear his experiences.

He was born in Breathitt county, Dec. 7, 1876, at the mouth of Meat Scaffold, on Quicksand Creek, and formerly engaged in farming and saw milling. He got to Lees Institute and "went through" in a jiffy. His father was Lewis C. Back; his mother Samantha Cope, of the well known Cope family. Til married Miss Lydia Pugh of Magoffin county, and they have two sons and one daughter at last report, Thurman, Lewis and Viola. I regret that I couldn't bribe Til to give me his "tin-type" to decorate this imperfect sketch.

J. FRANK KASH.

J. Frank Kash is one of the liveliest representatives of the spreading chestnut tree family: lively as a merchant and as a citizen, husband and father. One is not long in Jackson City before he sees or hears Frank Kash, for be it known that when it gets dull within the Blue Front, the busiest "corner" in the city, why Frank comes out and gives a Comanche yell, like the one that Mark Twain gave vent to while strolling down a crowded thoroughfare in London, when Twain said to his companion:

"It's oppressive among this jam of dummies and I want to holler."

"Why then holler."

The great American Humorist gave a yell not unlike Frank Kash's and he was stared at as a lunatic by thousands.

When Jackson City gets a little dull and Old Sorrel Top emerges some one possessed of the imp of the perverse says, "Frank, wake up." He not only does instantler, but he wakes the natives also. Frank Kash is a son of the late Dr. J. M. Kash and he was born in Rowan county, July 26, 1874, and got his "manners" at Hazel Green Academy. His busy little wife was Miss Belle Salyers and they have two dutiful daughters, Elva aged 14, and Thelma aged 8 years.

In the upper porch there is a parrot that speaks three languages, fluently: obscene, profane and illiterate.

Frank says Jackson City is getting to be too civilized and refined and "buttermilkish" and he says after another year he is going to some place where there is something doing to thrill a fellow's sluggish blood; possibly Jessamine county, which held the record in 1913-4 for homicides according to Lecturer Louis Goforth the "booze" fighter.

Success to Frank and his'n where e'er he strays.

FRANK H. RIFFLE.

Frank H. Riffle, pharmacist, is one man not unlike Mark Tapley, who comes up smiling under the greatest difficulties, and I saw him a few days after the fire fiend had run him out, in cramped quarters, but the great and ample smile was there, as well as the merry twinkle in his dark Oriental wide-apart eyes. I thought that here dwells another Polk Miller in obscurity, but not by a graduate full, wasting his fragrance on the desert air. Frank told me some new jokes, and among them, that he was the son of a preacher, and that as he was slow and stupid, his father, who was an Ohio

man— Frank having been born in Manchester, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1872, another Christmas gift—decided after moving to Mt. Olivet, Ky., to “farm” Frank out for a session at The Wilmore Holiness College, and so Frank went and saw, but did not conquer Rev. Red Head John W. Hughes, the President at that time. Frank entered, but neither the santification vaccine, nor the baptism “took.” His matrimony did, however, and he married Miss Nora Owens of Nicholas county, and he has been in subjection ever since, there being four other Rifles on the waves to keep him in captivity.

His apothecary shop is the rendezvous for all the roystering blades and wits of the town. Here’s looking at him and his and when he gets awearying of selling salt rising bread pills, and pellets and potions, all he’s got to do is to take the recontour platform. He and his interesting family reside in a handsome residence on Lincoln Avenue, contented and prosperous.

CAPTAIN HENRY COLLINS.

Captain Henry Collins was born in Wythe county, Virginia, September 25, 1854, and came to Kentucky in 1880 and located in Madison county. He settled in Jackson, January 1, 1893. For many years he had been a section foreman on railroads. Since 1902 he has been a widower. He has one daughter, Margaret Collins, the wife of J. T. Flegle, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Collins is spending his retirement in a most interesting manner. He has a chicken ranch, on College Ave., and in connection with it he deals in junk, hides, wool, feathers, beeswax, tallow, gingseng, furs, etc., but his chickens attract attention. He has the Rhode Island Reds, and he sells eggs by the settings and is kept busy. He has an office conveniently arranged, besides all the wire netting for chickens. “Cap’s” thrift and industry keeps him free from the common complaint of middle aged and old people.

SOUTH STRONG.

South Strong, County Attorney, is strong by name and by nature, both physically and mentally, and he is as well and favorably known in Lexington as in Jackson City, where he is now discharging the arduous duties of the office, and I hear, still “batching it” though he was always exceedingly gay and debonaire and gallant with the ladies.

South won the race with ease and aplomb, and just before the last election he was seriously injured as a fire fighter, and for days his life was despaired of; but he, like all the Strnogs, is as tough as Joey Bagstock, and soon came out of the Valley of the Shadow, smiling.

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South was born on Lost Creek, April 1, (no jest) 1879, and is the son of Green T. Strong and Evora Cardwell, daughter of John W. Cardwell. Both branches of the family were popular officials holding county offices. South went through the county schools and then the popular educator Prof. Dickey took him in charge, and soon he is a cadet at Annapolis Naval Academy. Then he attended State College at Lexington, and in 1910 he graduated at law at Kentucky University. He taught in schools and colleges for twelve years. He has held all sorts of political honors, such as delegate to recent Baltimore Convention and has been Democratic Campaign Chairman; and it is believed that he may some day "roost" in the Halls of Congress. He is a gallant and fighting Democrat of course; everything in Breathitt county is strong on Jefferson Democracy.

County Attorney Strong is the great grandson of Jerry South, the Pioneer War Horse, who once was warden of the State Penitentiary and one of the oldest settlers and loyal Democrats of Eastern Kentucky. Mr. Strong is now waging a heavy campaign against lawlessness and for Good Roads and

general improvements in Breathitt county and is making the most able County Attorney his county has had for many years.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TURNER.

The former manager of the Telephone company was born in Washington county, April 15, 1864, and he has been in the telephone work for fifteen years, and during the recent fires he suffered several fractured "slats" and sustained internal injuries. He is a real character, and was once a hero and saved a drowning girl and boy, at Chaplain, in Mercer county.

It was he, in collusion with Editor John Pulliam, of the Harrodsburg Herald, who kept the "Wild Man" story going through the daily newspapers for weeks. We have lost our voluminous notes, and what we write is from a defaulting memory. He is exceedingly popular and every body likes the lively jester and business hustler and they wouldn't hear of his resigning after his accident, and so he is on the job again.

CHESTER A. BACH.

The subject of this sketch is a native son of Breathitt county and was born on Quicksand Creek on the 3rd day of October, 1878. Entering the public schools at an early age he soon acquired a thorough common school education and following his natural bent and fixed determination to prepare himself for greater usefulness and for broader fields of service he came to Jackson and matriculated as a student in Lees Collegiate Institute from which Institution he was later graduated with high honors.

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The call for volunteers upon the breaking out of the Spanish-American War changed his plans of pursuing his literary education in some leading university and so laying his books aside and putting aside his ambition to prosecute his studies further he went boldly to the front and like a true Kentuckian and patriot followed the flag with that same zealous spirit that marks his daily acts in the peaceful paths of life.

Upon return from foreign service in the Philippine Islands he entered the Law school of Central University where he distinguished himself in forensics and was an enthusiastic member of the Athletic Association. After finishing his Law course he returned to his native county and has since been engaged in the active practice of his chosen profession. Towering like a giant above his fellows he is a natural leader of men; and his distinguished bearing and genial manners make him a great social favorite.

Chester Arthur Bach was born in Breathitt county, October 3, 1882 and he entered Lees Institute and attended the law school of Central University at Danville in 1907. Mr. Bach taught common schools for several terms. He is chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee and he has his law offices in the Hargis Bank building.

His mother was Martha Hagins. His father was once county judge. Mr. Bach saw some Philippine service. He was non-commissioned sergeant, hospital corps, for three years. He was active in the reform of the Civic League of which he was president. Chester Bach towers above six feet in stature and he is a social favorite, but skirts dangerously near the old "bach" zone.



DR. J. D. KISER.

This is a personal tribute to a friend: an appreciation: no advertisement; but I am sure that anybody that knows me in the center of the Universe—Lexington—knows that I am a stickler for the ethics of the medical profession, and that I am, furthermore, a member of the broader Ethical Society of New York, over which Felix Adeler presides, and his understudy is Miss Eva Ingersoll, the gifted daughter of the late, noble Robert Gournsey Ingersoll, she being secretary and treasurer and she sees that this mental vagrant's dues are paid up, for her brother-in-law, Pat Farrell—same name of our Lexington Pat Farrell—who married her only sister, is a personal friend, and it was he who was present when the great philanthropist and noble philosopher drew his last breath, and forestalled cowed monk and priest from telling lies on Bob, the great Pagan and he said Bob's last words were: "It is better now."

Dr. Kiser is an eye and ear and nose and throat specialist and it is impossible for me to get a half-hour uninterrupted with him; for a tete-a-tete, on account of his patients.

Dr. Kiser is a man of deep sentiment: he is a child of Nature; he is a poet. But he loves his profession and recently wrote a treatise on adenoids, which ranks high in the profession. I put his name and picture in my poor book, as the beggarly tribute to his worth, as a man and a citizen and a surgeon despite the criticisms of the small fry for be it known that at Jackson City we now have one of the finest of hospitals, and as Trachoma is epidemic, and as he has been successful in its treatment following the treatment of the Government at Washington, not yielding one scintilla of his experience, I want him to set up a clinic for the treatment of the poor little boys and girls who are being led half-blind through the grand and noble mountains, and also through the low lands of Ohio.

Dr. Kiser until recently occupied cloud-compelling offices in my late friend's offices, Byron McClelland's building—formerly a poor despised printer in Paris, Ky.,—but he is now on the third floor of the building and in a suite of rooms therein.

He is first a scientific surgeon and author; he was for four years a safe and conscientious coroner, and he would be coroner now but for the weak-kneed "fusionists" who put up ten when he said put up one hundred, and hence he is left to his patients while some one else will look after the cadavers.

As an elocutionist he is premier, and when I want surcease from the weary burdens and the lengthening chain which I draw, I sneak off to hear him "Recite Riley's poems better'n

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When you call tell us you read this anecdote:

A man who said he was from Hazard, "Pearl of the Mountains," went into the Phoenix Hotel bar and laying down ten cents on the counter, called for a drink of whiskey.

The bartender said: "We have no ten cent whiskey."

The Hazardite picked up the dime and said: "I can't drink five cent whiskey."

Now we have eight-year-old whiskey for ten cents and we have good, pure two-year-old whiskey for five cents. Call and get acquainted.

*Under the new law we can ship for personal use to
"dry" territory, Fine Wines and Liquors. Write us for
prices.*

COX & WILLS.

Riley ever could," as for instance, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "Leonaine" which strangely, is not in any of the artistic volumes of the "Burns of America" which is a poor tribute to the matchless Hoosier Poet.

Dr. Kiser was born in Greenup county, Ky., August 27, 1868. He graduated in the Greenup high school 1891. He finished his classical and medical education in Philadelphia. Graduated from Kentucky School of Medicine in 1894. He began practice at Haverhill, Ohio. Established in Lexington 1901. Married Miss Jennie Butterfield, Ohio, 1902. There is one daughter, Mildred Genevieve Kiser, aged 7. Mother's maiden name was Mary A. Anglin; grand parents came from Virginia.

Nominated for the lower branch of the General Assembly by the Republicans of Fayette county in 1905 and made an admirable race. Dr. Kiser is prominently mentioned as a safe man for the Republican nomination for Governor, and should he be nominated and make an active canvass over the state his magnetic influence would smash many a slate in the back districts.

Dr. Kiser seeks no office; he is contented in his domestic and professional life, but many men have honors thrust upon them and the only thing that stands as a retarding and insurmountable barrier to my support is that he stands for a different party. I'm for Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery."

ISAAC M. BROFFIT.

Isaac M. Broffit was born in Bayrouth, Syria, in 1890 and immigrated to the United States in 1901, landing at New York City on the M. D. Mr. Broffit is educated in the English language and has visited almost all the United States. He has been in business at Jellico, Tenn., Middlesboro, Ky., and several other places. He is now located at Jackson City, Ky., and in connection with the Jackson Real Estate and Insurance Agency. They write all kinds of insurance.

Mr. Broffit was married to Miss Stella Davidson of Perry county, Ky., and there is a fine son, Wilgus.

CHESTER GOURLEY.

Chester Gourley, prominent lawyer, son of Judge G. W. Gourley, was born at Beattyville, February 12, 1881. He enjoyed plenty of college training and took the LL. B. degree at the University of Virginia and was admitted to practice at Mt. Sterling. His wife was Lydia Miller of Irvine, who is

a social favorite. Mr. Gourley is one of the best known Eastern Kentucky attorneys and has a general practice over the twenty-third Judicial District. He represented all the Democrats in the election contest last November, 1913 in both county and district and won in every case, except one, which has not been finally decided.

Mr. Gourley will be a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, some of his friends say, and if he enters the lists he will doubtless be a winner.



ALFRED M. RUSSELL.

This picture of Alfred Russell the popular and unbeaten County Clerk of Breathitt County is used by courtesy of Editor Musick's Kentuckian, and it is a fair likeness of the urbane and efficient official, who has a proud lineage, which has been traced by Eleanor Lexington. Mr. Russell has been a student of schools, business, and law colleges, he having attended the Louisville Law school. He was born in Breathitt county, August 17, 1880. He is, of course, a Democrat, and he carries every precinct in the big county. Recently re-elected by the endorsement of both political parties, an unusual honor.

William H. Russell, his father, was born in Lee county,

Virginia and is alive at the age of 72 years which he is spending farming and merchandising on Howard's Creek, Breathitt county; his mother also still survives. She was Orlena Richie. Mrs. Russell's maiden name was Jane Deaton, and there are two daughters to bless their contented home, Alberta and Lillian. Mr. Russell has an interesting history, and the family has remarkably able men and women, some of them of the male line were killed in the Civil War, on the Confederate side of the great conflict. One of his ancestors fought at the Battle of Kings Mountain, and picked up an old Bible on the field which his uncle Abner Russell, has in his possession. The latter often assists the nephew as deputy, and he is also assisted by an expert stenographer, Miss Mollie Stidham. Should Mr. Russell tire of being County Clerk he would doubtless receive higher honors, which he is fully qualified to protect, even in the Halls of Congress.

WILGUS BACK.

Wilgus Back, M. D., was born at Stevenson, Ky., Jan. 19, 1887. His father Hiram D. Back, a merchant tried to instil into his sons' mind that a country store would afford a better means of support than any other occupation or profession which was within his reach.

Dr. Back received his preliminary education at Jackson and Berea, and was a teacher in Breathitt for five years. He entered a medical college Jan. 1, 1906 and graduated with honors in 1910, and accepted his appointment as interne at the Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington, Ky., for the years 1910-11.

Dr. Back came to Jackson three years ago, entering upon his duties as a physician and surgeon and from the very first proved himself capable of caring for all who came his way. He has probably performed more surgical operations than any other surgeon in Eastern Kentucky, and in the near future expects to establish a hospital for his own private use. He is the surgeon for the Ohio & Kentucky and Louisville & Nashville railroads and medical examiner for at least a dozen insurance companies.

While he is an active member of the County, State and American Association, he is also enthusiastic over his Masonic and K. of P. lodge work.

He has three brothers, two of which will graduate in medicine in the near future, the other one is now a physician in Whitesburg.

Dr. Back was assistant teacher in operative anatomy and surgery in the University of Louisville during his college days and while he devotes his entire time to his profession, he is quite a progressive member of the City Council and favors the city's public improvements. To attest the popularity of Dr. Wilgus Back is the number of infants who bear his name.

Dr. Back's mother was Mary J. Back, daughter of Judge James Back.

"GENERAL" ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON

Albert Sidney Johnson was born November 10, 1872 in Breathitt county and graduated at Lees Collegiate Institute. He has had a varied and successful career. He was a successful merchant for many years. His father, James Johnson, Sr., was a magistrate for five successive terms. "Sid" as everybody calls him is a prominent Republican politician, and is now engaged in the brokerage business. He is a stubborn fighter, but a game loser, and he did some plunging on the last November election, 1913, in which he lost out. He has a handsome and mobile face, and no expert physiognomist could ever tell from his face or his movements or demeanor whether "Sid" had won or lost, for he makes it his philosophy to forget it. His mother was Mary Reynolds of Owsley county and his father and mother are both living in good health. I tried hard to get a photograph of the interesting subject of this brief sketch but failed.

"Sid" is now in business at Jackson, buying and selling real estate, owns a pool and billiard hall and is a plunger in politics, a genial loser and free hearted winner. He was known as "General Albert Sidney" in the famous "Hog-Back" election that so overwhelmingly defeated Judge Hargis in 1905, and it is said he won considerable money betting on the election—he has always been known as a "plunger."

ROBERT ANDERSON COLLIER.

As one "foots" it across the bridge, the first store always has a group in it and on the sidewalk, and it is a fancy grocery, fruit and soft drink stand presided over by Mr. Collier who is himself affable in manner and therefore very popular with men, women and children. Mr. Collier was born in Jackson county, December 15, 1875. Mr. Collier, who had had a former experience in merchandising settled in Jackson City in 1894 and there he married Miss Ida Jett. His father is Millard Fillmore Collier and his mother was Miss Mollie Rader of Jackson county and both reside in Kansas City.

A. L. MAUPIN, Watchmaker.

The above named gentleman, it was our pleasure to meet several years ago, and he had sailed in every port, on a U. S. Government transport, to retire with honor and settle for "keeps" in Jackson City. Since we first saw him he has lost his wife by death, but his good mother survives, and looks after the promising progeny.

We found the gay widower installing a fine Seth Thomas clock in the square tower of the court house, which was gratifying to me, for I advocated a clock among my other "reforms" as a Breathitt county editor, three years ago. It was the late lamented Benjamin Franklin, who among so many wise saying that he wearier us said; That time is the stuff that life is made of, and how better to mark its flight than by a great public timepiece? We are glad to hear of friend Maupin's continued success, and you will find him down on Broadway, if he is not skylarking in that feverish quest of another member of the firm, a better 7-8ths, as the old Hazel Green editor, Spencer Cooper used it in his own case; he too, now being widowed with only a fraction of 7-8ths to offer to some "wise" one.

THOS. B. TALBOT.

Mr. T. B. Talbot who is now located in Jackson City is a Sunday school missionary for the West Lexington Presbytery and he is a busy little man too, for he has a big undertaking on his hands, in this day when boys read all the great dailies and the wonderful magazines of every class to be found in Jackson City and sold from 10 cents to 35 cents.

Among other things Mr. Talbot said:

"The better the church is informed in the Bible, and the more attention it gives to the illumination of the unchurched multitudes, the more it ranks as a winner and does the real work of the Master. In the Sunday School is confessedly the greatest field for the Church to do this work. State authorities tell us that there are almost no inmates in the prisons who were systematic attendants upon the Sunday school during their youth. On the other hand some of our greatest citizens and statesmen point to the Sunday school as the place where they received their best impressions and noblest training."

CAPTAIN M. TESTAMON BACK.

As a striking contrast to "the man behind six notches on his gun" I desire to present Captain M. Testamon Back, expert marksman and dealer in general merchandise, whose

marksmanship is at dumb instead of human targets. Captain Back is a modest, retiring, reticent gentleman and it was not until I left his store and came to Wilmore, Jessamine county, Kentucky to complete my "copy" for my book that I learned he was Captain Back, by a sort of mental telephathy and so strong was the "manifestation" that I wrote him to tell me something more of the "Testamon" branch of the family.

He is not only the best shot in "Shootin' Breathitt" but he is the champion of Kentucky—holds the belt. The Kentucky Governor's match awarded to Captain Back represents the state's championship for 1913 in the rifle competition, held at Earlington, Ky., in which the clear-eyed, cool-headed highlander won over Tom Peyton, "the little jewel" of the Third Infantry. The match was won by only two points.

Captain Back is in the Ordnance Department as inspector of small arms practice and he is assigned to the Second Infantry Rifle team. Captain Back is engaged in general merchandising at Jackson and he is a successful merchant. The Jackson Armory was built before Jackson ever had a school house or a church and the first school was taught in this big building.

In reference to Captain Back the Henderson Daily Journal, over the signature of Lieutenant Clyde Grady says: "Captain Back is a quiet, unassuming man of about thirty-five years. I was with and near him for three days before I learned his name. After getting acquainted I found this soldierly, modest, brother officer, to have a charming personality and he was a delightful conversationalist devoted to his work in the Guard."

COLONEL DUFF.

One of the cleverest and most knowledgeable citizens of Jackson City is Colonel Potter Duff who is sure to meet every stranger who has business at a livery stable or a hotel and he is thus a useful and a valuable man, for he is a bureau of information, and an interesting and witty person. If one wishes to traverse the mountains on horseback or mule back here is the "sign post" to consult as to best routes and best paths and safest way of reaching one's destination. Make it a point to form the acquaintance of Colonel Potter Duff who is a representative of the prominent and influential Duff family. Colonel Duff wont hurt you but he might skin you in a trade and then laugh at you.

MITCHELL S. CRAIN.

One of the most popular men in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky is Mitchell S. Crain, the big merchant of Jackson City whose mammoth store is by far greater in length and breadth and dimensions than any rival at the alleged "Gate City" Winchester, and it compares favorably with the average general store at Lexington.

"Mitch" Crain, as he is familiarly called, is a big fellow, a handsome fellow, not merely avoirdupoisely speaking, but big in brain and heart and big in general bigness without it adding to his grossness, and when it comes to popularity, he would be the most popular man in Jackson City today but for one obstacle; he is a Republican, but with no bitterness, and a hearty laugh in the arena of debate, wherein he excells by apt illustrations and telling anecdotes.

"Mitch" Crain was born in Wolfe county, February 23, 1870, the son of Wm. C. Crain, a business man of integrity, and soon after he was in merchandising on his own hook. Like nearly all progressive and successful mountain men, Mitch Crain served his apprenticeship as a teacher of common schools, and it was said that he was a good one. He soon saw the vast opportunities in "logging," so dense was forestry at that time, and he has never fully got weaned from that form of coining money. He once clerked at Campton in 1902 and he soon married Emily, the daughter of Thos. H. Combs, of one of the most prominent families of Kentucky. Today he he is again a widower at 43 years of age, but they do say—let it pass.

J. E. STIVERS.

The history of amusements in Jackson City, is the history of Joseph Ernest Stivers, the manager of the Hipp theatre, which gives the same class of movies and vaudeville as are seen at Lexington. Mr. Stivers was with the first shows given in Jackson and he organized the Hipp incorporated company.

Mr. Stivers had been the agent here of the L. & E. railway for years and watched the evolution and transformation of Jackson into a model little city.

J. E. Stivers was born near White Hall, the historic home of Cassius Marcellus Clay, in Madison county, September 27, 1869, when later he attended the Lexington public schools and later still was in general merchandising at Athens, Fayette county, then took a business course in a Lexington college and entered railroading with the L. & N., and then the L. &

E. railways, and then was made general agent at Jackson for five years.

Mr. Stivers was married January 15, 1895, to Miss Lucille Beasley of Brown county, Ohio, who was a niece of the late Squire Beasley, the noted "marrying squire." Mrs. Stivers is educated and scholarly and they reside with their three children on Main street, the children being Katie May, aged 8; Elijah P., aged 6; and Virginia Mildred, aged 4 years respectively.

Stivers & Williams conducted the old People's theatre on Court street, when later the Hipp Company was organized, J. J. Crawford, president; T. M. Davidson, treasurer; J. E. Stivers, secretary and manager.

The building is commodious with parquet and dress circle, and ample seating and stage capacity, and shows are given from 5 to 10 p. m. daily and Sunday.

Near the theatre is the Hipp Annex, a commodious pool and billiard hall conducted by Chas. Hadden.

EMORY CAIN.

The manager of the Reliance Manufacturing company, is Mr. Emory Cain, and his able first assistant is Mr. G. B. Dulaney, a pair which forms a business copartnership on the Damon and Pythias order for both men were originally from West Virginia and they were inseparable associates from boyhood; both coming to Jackson City at the same time and both marrying and settling here for "keeps" as it were, for both have prospered *pari passu*.

The former was born near Parkersburg, Richie county, West Virginia, April 7, 1876, and he attended common schools, normal schools, and a school of telegraphy at Hicksville, Ohio, and for two years was an operator. Mr. Cain then taught in different schools for nearly ten years, when he became a graduate of a business college at Parksville, and later took a literary course. His father was James A. Cain, and his mother Mary Bond Doddridge, both of whom survive. His real business career in timber now began, and he mastered the business from the standing tree to the finished product, for he worked in every department winter and summer, and today the immense band saw mills of the Reliance Manufacturing company are easily supervised and mastered in every detail. He, however, had a brief lull as a railroad clerk in the B. & O. railroad and eight years ago he settled at Jackson City where he married Miss Sewell. Recently a planing mill was added and today the business never stops



THE CUSS WHAT WRIT
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as there are thirty employees. James Goff is the machinist and engineer and David Tolson assistant.

Mr. Cain has two daughters and one son, the latter George Emory, aged 2 years.

R. E. GILLUM.

R. E. Gillum is a prosperous furniture and carpet dealer and is the proprietor of the Jackson Bargain House, where Mrs. Gillum is constantly in attendance. Mr. Gillum may be related to the celebrated cartoonist Gillum, but he professes no talent of that sort. He does, however, know how to artistically design his own advertisements and I am glad to pay tribute to such talent for it is so rare. He was born on Troublesome Creek (more properly called Perilous), December 18, 1879 and he attended Lees Institute and thereafter taught four years when he went into merchandising at Jackson City. His establishment is on the corner of Court street and College avenue. Mrs. Gillum was Miss Georgia Robinson, and she is a native of Breathitt county, having been born near Quicksand. The happy pair are blessed with three children, Grace, Fred and May.

N. J. MOORE.

N. J. Moore was born in Crittenden county and resided in Marion county before settling in Breathitt county at Jackson City. He is engaged in merchandising and has an interest in the stave industry. He was an ideal deputy sheriff for three years, and nobody ever gave him any trouble, and of course, he had no excuse for returning evil for good. Mrs. Moore was Miss Julia Calahan, and she is to the manor born. There is one bright daughter, Miss Florence Moore, who is a pupil in the city school.

R. W. EDWARDS.

R. W. Edwards, more familiarly known as "Squire," I first met in 1911, when he was the genial landlord of the old Thompson Hotel, which was destroyed by fire in October 1913, and in which I lost some valuable photographs and notes on biographies, as I had gone to Chicago temporarily, and didn't return until after the fire, and so, if any of the biographies are missing this loss accounts for them.

"Squire" Edwards had removed to Perry county, but I found instead Landlord Snowden now confidential bookkeeper for Mitchell S. Crain. I wanted to see Edwards as I owed

him a small board bill, for three days, I finally ran upon his smiling face and I knew him at a distance, but while he knew my "exposure," he couldn't recall my name. He was "logging" and he smilingly said that he was doing a little "boot-legging" on the side as a diversion, but "only with the boys in the neighborhood" as Roy Bruner told of a notorious female in Jessamine county, who had been converted at a Holiness meeting at Chalybeate Springs. Otherwise she was reformed and converted.

Squire Edwards was born in Estill county on Miller's Creek March 27, 1877. His father was Alexander Edwards, of Lee county, Va.; and his mother was Sallie Amburgey of Letcher county. He was a school teacher and deputy sheriff for eight years in Perry county during the French-Eversole feudal spectacle. His wife was Louannie Wootton and they have four daughters and one son.

DR. HENRY LINCOLN RADER.

One of the best known practitioners in Jackson City, is Dr. Rader, for he has seen a long and active practice; twenty years in Clay county and twenty years in Breathitt county. He was born at McKee Jackson county, October 27, 1866, and he is a graduate of Louisville School of Medicine. Mrs. Rader was Miss Sarah Combs, and with one son and two daughters they reside on Broadway. They are Minta, Ben and Florence. The Misses Rader are both gifted musicians and social favorites, and types of brunette beauty. And as for Master Ben Rader, he doesn't "drag," you bet.

Dr C. W. TRAPP

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J. W. FORD.

J. W. Ford is the President of the Ohio Valley Tie Company, of Louisville, with office at Winchester where Mr. Ford is local manager. Mr. Ford is a partner of the Sewell-Ford Merchandising Company of Jackson City and he is a member of the Reliance Manufacturing Company of Jackson City, (band saw mills), and he is exceedingly popular and enterprising. We cannot do better than to quote from his modest letter:

Winchester, Ky., May 18th, 1914.

"Mr. Lewis Pilcher,
136 West Short Street,
Lexington, Ky.

"Dear Sir:—We met Mr. Beckner on the street and he asked that we give you some facts about our history and connection with Jackson and Eastern Kentucky. Not being a writer and not knowing just what is wanted will just give you some notes and you can use them as desired. I was born in Ohio County, this State, Feb. 18, 1863. Reared on the farm and got what education could from the district school; was married Oct. 6, 1887 to Mattie C Bruner of Hancock county, Ky. Went to Jackson and began business for Ohio Valley Tie Co. of Louisville, Sept. 1, 1902. This business has amounted to several million dollars and has been profitable; the people are our friends; we would not leave them to go anywhere for justice in court or personally. We have several mills in and around there and expect to do much business there in the future. We moved our family to Winchester several years since to put our children in school, but since the schools of Jackson have improved so much, we often wish they were back there.

"Trusting you can get from these little hints what you want and saying you have our permission to use them or us to suit the occasion, am yours truly,

J. W. FORD.

MR. ROY DAY.

Mr. Roy Day, who is one of the most efficient and popular conductor on the Kentucky Traction and Terminal Company, is a product of Jackson City, Breathitt county, and is a scion of the prominent and influential Day family. Mr. Roy, as he is familiarly called, resides in Frankfort. Recently he met with his first accident, a fractured rib, but he is now

back on his run again, Frankfort to Paris.

The author of this book formed Mr. Day's acquaintance several years ago and several times he has received favors at the hands of Roy for which he is thankful. Mr. Roy has our best wishes and he is surely in line for promotion and certainly is deserving of it.

He is pleasing and affable in manner, always master of himself and his car, even under the most trying circumstances and difficulties, and such men cannot be prized or praised too highly by the public which they serve so faithfully and well.

BLAIR McLIN.

Blair McLin, the present efficient and popular Postmaster of Jackson City, was for many years chief salesman for Day Bros. and Floyd Day Co., Mr. McLin is interested in several mining and mineral companies in Letcher county and is associated with E. Karr Kilburn, an enterprising realty man of Whitesburg. Blair McLin will doubtless lose the post office, but he will find something perhaps more profitable and not so exacting.

His assistant postmaster is Henry Hurst, and frequently Mrs. McLin and Mrs. Marcum (Mr. Hurst's sister) are used in the post office, as Jackson postal business is astonishingly large.

CALLOWAY HOWARD.

The subject of this sketch was born in Breathitt county, Sept. 18th, 1861, a little after the fall of Ft. Sumpter, but he was born storming the "breast works" for he was a lusty youngster. He resided and got his early schooling in Magoffin county, and after teaching the young mountain idea how

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to hit the mark he was licensed to practice law at Paintsville, better known as John C. Calhoun Mayo's town. He early had a predilection for medicine as one observes looking over his library. There are also evidences that he had a bias toward being a veterinarian, but this is misleading, for in his miscellaneous books are to be found treatises on horticulture and farming and landscape gardening, all of which serves to illustrate the varied talents which he now brings to bear upon the practice of his profession.

His law partner is the celebrated criminal lawyer, A. Floyd Byrd of Lexington, Ky., and they have offices, a suite of rooms, in the First National Bank building, Jackson, Ky. He served one term as clerk of the Magoffin Circuit Court, at the expiration of which he had charge of the Sheriff's office two terms, and later served as Judge of the Salyersville Police court. Like most active men he also had a successful experience in merchandising in Campton, Magoffin county.

Mrs. Howard was an Arnett, and she is an expert stenographer. They have one bright son, Max who has a talent for mechanics and inventions; an interesting youngster, thirteen years old. He told me he would like to take a shot at the Huerta "greasers." Mr. Howard's mother was a Farmer. He was not a graduate of any law school, but his extensive office practice fits him admirably for his profession. He is a solid, stockily built man, and stands high for fidelity and integrity, and is a very pleasant man to meet. We regret that lack of space forbids a more extended notice.

President Frost of Berea College in the Quarterly issued by that useful institution makes some extremely interesting statements. They go far toward confirming the frequently

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heard assertion that the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in this country is to be found in the mountainous districts of Kentucky and Tennessee.

OLD ENGLISH STOCK IN AMERICA

President Frost declares that in the thirty-five counties of Eastern Kentucky there are to be found but 2,000 foreigners and 13,000 negroes in a total population of 561,881. In six counties only are there more than one hundred foreigners, and in sixteen counties there are less than 10. In only 5 counties do the Negroes exceed 1,000, and in twelve counties there are less than one hundred.

These are extremely interesting figures. They relate to a section of the country which President Frost, using a self-coined phrase, calls a superrural district, meaning thereby that the inhabitants live in remote locations where communication is infrequent. Here the original English and Scotch settler have reproduced their kind, generation after generation. It is said by investigators that many of the ancient English ballads are still preserved in practically their original form in the Kentucky mountains.

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The superrural districts are now, thanks to the public, awakening to the needs of popular education for the mountaineers; rapidly coming into closer touch with the outside world. The experiments with night schools for adults have met with amazing success. The old feuds are dying out. Moonshine whiskey is disappearing. Better ideas in household sanitation is being spread abroad. The fierce clan spirit is being turned away from the passion for destruction to better things. Thus in "The Land of Do-Without," as Kehhart has called it, a silent revolution is going on.

It is greatly to be hoped that the purity of this old Kentucky stock, which is high-spirited and passionately loyal to its own kin, will always be preserved.

Here is an English ballad sung in these rare old mountains:

"Like the falling of a star,
Or like the flight of eagles are;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
Even such is man whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night."

What a reminder of a stanza in Tam O'Shanter:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread."
Or from Shakeseare:

"Man is but a bubble on the ocean;
Prick him and he's gone."

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A PIPE DREAM.

(Anonymous).

All Pipeville was agog. One of its citizens had paid the penalty that time exacts from all. Today his body was to be laid away in the cemetery, where soundly slept all those who had preceded him there. A life-long friend and intimate companion was going to pay an estimate, an appreciation, to his memory, at the grave. Pipeville was curious; what could any one have to say pleasant or instructive about one whose life had run at such an obtuse angle across the ways of thinking, the habits and custom of staid old Pipeville. There were those who had known him as a curly-haired boy, playing in the streets, the happy games of childhood. They had seen his growth to youthful ambition, the advent of eccentricity, the advance of hideous dissipation. They had been enlivened by his merry jest, and stung by his gibes, had suffered in their moral and religious make-up by the doings and sayings of this man upon whom nature had at last laid its heavy hand and brought to an end an ill-spent life. What wonder is it that Pipeville was curious? or that the tongue of ever-busy gossip was wagging this way and that way in antic-

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ipative conjecture? The sleek and well-fed elder of the little church round the corner, whose chief aim in life was to purify the congregation, even if there was only one man left in it, remarked to the pastor of the flock across the way, that "the devil had at last come into possession of his own." Henry, the jovial carpenter, across whose brain no sceptic thought had ever plowed its way, was of the opinion that his soul had flown into hell so fast that it whizzed. Dear old sister Betty remarked that in that other world he would have to wear asbestos socks if he cut his "high didos" there as was "his wont" when wearing this "mortal coil."

S-l-o-w-l-y t-o-l-l-e-d the bell from out the tower of that church which had sought to direct his footsteps in the way it would have him go—a sorrowful knell, as it were to one who had spurned its proffered salvation. As cortege wended its way through the streets, Skin, the lawyer, Light Weight, the merchant, Hogs, the dispensers of liquids, and many other equally worthy citizens of Pipeville were "at attention." It seemed to be a day off, for all fell in and followed the remains to its soon-to-be last resting place beneath the green sod of Mother Earth. Silently the coffin was lowered into the open grave. That awful sound of falling clods had died away. Some one with a tender spot in his heart had laid a wreath of flowers upon the mound. Then the eyes of Pipeville turned to one who had stood bare-headed while these sad duties had been performing. His face was grave, his eyes moist from unshed tears. He lifted his hand as if imploring quiet and close attention, and with deliberation and clear enunciation he addressed them thus: "Friends, Brethren,—in that larger and broader sense that we are all members of a common humanity—as we stand here today beside this grave wherein we have covered up one who was a part and parcel of our community, it is well that we pause and reflect for a passing period of time, upon the birth, the life and that passing away which we call death. Standing here today, in this cemetery where we have laid away generation after generation, we are surrounded by one form of life, not any more familiar to us than another, but better understood because the grim necessities of our own life have caused us to study it more closely. Here the trees, the shrubs, the flowers and the weeds, each after its own particular way, sow their seed, that in aftertime may repeat in their individuality the same life that marked their ancestors. One of the peculiar characteristics of plant life is that the individual is rooted in the ground. Here it must gain or lose according to its circumstances and surroundings. It cannot go to another

plant's aid, no plant can come to it. Single-handed and alone the plant must work out its own salvation, even in deadly combat with its own brother. Heat and cold, drouth and moisture, sunshine and shade, work out their marvels, from this (here he stooped and picked up a flower from the grave) beautiful and fragrant rose, to yonder deadly night shade, with intervening shadings—from the useful and beautiful, to the ugly and noxious—all the helpless product of hide-bound circumstances. Some fifty years or more ago, another form of organic life, proceeding by that strange process of disconnection, placed one of its divisions in this community, he whose body lies there (pointing to grave). He came to follow, just as did the plant, the direction of inherited impetus, and to be moulded and shaped by circumstances and surroundings, even as was the plant. But, my friend, into what different set of circumstances was his individual advent! Away back yonder, in the dim and uncertain past, at the parting of the ways, his branch of the organic kingdom attained to, or fell hair to, freedom of movement. Intelligence, motion, are alige subject to the same general laws of nature, and here, as in plant life, inherent impulse and circumstances are the factors entering into the outcome of all that is. What shall we say con-

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cerning that inherent impetus, wrapped up in our friend when nature disconnected him from the parent stem and set him down an individual in Pipeville? Was the stock good or bad? Be that as it may, or just according as you may view it from your own peculiar standpoint, I pass it by as not being pertinent to my purpose. The shortest distance between two points is a straight line drawn from the one to the other; as for instance, the road from Pipeville to the City of Sanity. If it had been convenient for the men who built that road, they would have run it upon the shortest line. But as you all know, some distance out there are a series of hills, and as a consequence the road is one of many crooks and turns, up hill and down hill. So it was with our friend; in traveling from birth to death he passed along the highways and byways of Pipeville, subject to its stress, its pull, its ambition good and bad, its ideals high and low. If there be anything in the theory of causation, and I think no one here will deny it, the life this friend of ours led from birth to death, with all its curious curves and eccentric capers, was the output, the outcome from the communal life here in Pipeville. And you and I are component parts of that communal life. Stand, friends, and for a moment think for yourself and of yourselves. The most important thing in the

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background of individual existence is that in its early years its power of observation and reflection should be properly trained and given a moral perspective, so that in after years his judgment might be sound and his adjustment be more correctly made. Did Pipeville furnish the proper educational facilities to this intellectual crank? The answer to this question as given by the answer of that life, should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every citizen of Pipeville. Did you object? Were you horrified at the drunken carousels that so sadly marked this career? Let that be answered by another question: Who licensed the opportunity? Who set the example? Was it the citizens of Pipeville or the man in the moon? Were you shocked at his moral turpitude? It has been said that crime is but the shadow of that still denser crime—poverty. Let not the man who enjoyed the fruits of his labor without giving him a just and adequate return for the same, 'throw the first stone.' Did his creed run contrary to thine own? Did his idea of the eternal fitness of things make the shivers run up and down your religious backbone? Thou knowest not what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.' Many the times have I heard my friend repeat these lines:

'The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice.
But the generous souls that aid mankind
Are scarce as hen teeth and as hard to find.'

Life is a many-sided affair. The sweet is often mingled with the bitter. Behind the cloud the sun is shining. From the dark alleys and back streets of Pipeville, the electric light of progress may be seen, giving promise of a time when 'man's inhumanity to man' will cease, and each will become 'his brother's keeper.' This man and I, as you all know, were intimate friends, and I came to know him in all the fullness and roundness of his life. I saw him as he was. Most of you no doubt saw the rough angles only. On many a pleasant evening, when life was in tune, and inherent impetus was pursuing the straight line, I have heard this man advance the highest ideals and give expression to the deepest and most intense longing for the good of humanity. 'That which a man longs for, THAT HE IS, for one transcendent moment, before the present cold and bare can offer its sneering comment. Today I want to say to you that I feel profound sorrow for you, for myself, that this man's ideals were not lived in Pipeville. I bow my head out of respect, not for the man as you knew him, but for the man I am sure he would have been under other circumstances. If, in his daily walk, he fell short of his ideals,

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look not for the fault wholly in him, - rather contemplate yourselves as a factor in the great chain of circumstances that culminated in his tombment here."

Having finished, he turned and walked away by himself no doubt to enjoy himself by shaking hands with his vanity and to laugh at how he had "plugged the guys." Pipevillians returned to town with more or less haste. On the way back they discussed the price of mules and "garden sass," the latest doings of Mary and John, the shape of "Mademoiselle High-Kick at the Vodville." The Rev. John Fourthly returned to his study to write a sermon on the goodness and mercy of "God." The sleek and well-fed elder of the church on the corner stopped on the way to inform Hogs, the dispensers of liquids, that his rent was past due. Skin, the lawyer, went to consult with a scoundrelly client how best they might relieve a widow and orphans the father and husband had left them. The scribe who so faithfully and truthfully(?) recordeth these doings went up to the corner drug store and obtained some "hop" as food for another "Pipe Dream."

"So runneth the world away in Pipeville." A——men.

"Sing the doxology."

CANDIDATE FOR ANGELL MEDAL.

Of heroines of fiction there is no end; of heroines of fact there are many. Femininity is overflowing with romanticism where danger does not stare; where hazard, the element of injury to limb or loss of life is to be faced, the woman's "weakness" laughs hysterically or feigns a faint, to shirk the impending danger, hidden or palpable.

It is our desire to record briefly and without exaggeration an heroic feat, performed by a seventeen year old girl, of

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Hazard, Friday, February 7, 1913 which bids fair to shine amid the annals of heroic deeds of intrepid women to parallel the historic daring of the women led by Jemima Suggett at the siege of Bryan's Station, and yet the Ride of Pocahontas Morris from Hazard alone over twenty-four miles seems so commonplace here that it did not excite a ripple or provoke discussion.

Under ordinary conditions no one would comment on it till one is fully apprised of the real dangers that beset our fair towns-woman and horse-woman. Astride a horse of stamina; of mettle of the pasture—her bifocal or bifurcated skirts tailored for the adventure, riding boots of dark tan, thonged nearly to the knees—the stirrups too short for graceful pose, but for the same protection short ones afford race riders—to hold on like grim death—Miss Pocahontas waved adieu to the staff of the Hazard Herald and slowly disappeared—the mud in our streets accumulated by floods and from debris incident to excavating for so many new buildings in progress—started for Hyden, Leslie county, at 10 o'clock a. m., and at 7 p. m. came a telephone message that had arrived safe and sound.

The return trip, after a day spent in Hyden, was also made, and both the maiden and the horse—noble animal—seemed none the worse for the adventure—a mere business trip.

But hear the details of the story as it fell from the rosebud lips of Pocahontas of the impending dangers, the thrills, the narrow margins of escapes, the obstacles, the vexations and the eternal feminine—the tears—the despair—the fear—the triumph.

"I stood the trip going remarkably well despite the cold; for miles, when I began to chill, and my limbs to cramp in torture from my stirrups being too short, and I watched despairingly, for a safe place to dismount and lengthen them, and be sure, perhaps, after a brisk walk to relieve my tremors and numbness, to remount: but I found no place to make me put my thoughts into effect. I put my horse into a brisk gallop to find new scenes on the zig-zagging road; now steep, now declivitous; slippery, where water had poured over the mountains to freeze; forming cliffs above precipitous descents—narrow, washed-out places to overcome, for which my horse was "rough" shod—or despite my steady nerve and tight guiding hand, horse and rider would have been "goners" sure. At times the cliffs overhead hung so menacingly as to fill me with awe and fear—and more fright; then one danger

passed emboldened me to laugh outright and push forward.

"Sometimes I would be lost in wonderment at the grandeur and magnificence of the lonely defiles, seldom meeting horse or genus homo; now and then a stray cow claiming the lion's share of the road—long ascents and longer descents apparently; devious, circuitous, supertine in meanderings; built to conform to Nature, skirting narrow margins; places that to pass in safety another person, one or both would have to dismount, or "back-back" as railroad men say in switching. Ever and anon there were evidences of avalanches from, it seemed, miles above, to the far, winding Cutchin Creek below; tracks where millions of tons of rock and earth and rattling crags had crashed amid the thunder of the descent; places where I imagined it could occur and catch me and horse for swift destruction; Grand Cumberland Mountains.

"Reaching Cutchin Creek, which by flood was out of its banks, I knew to hesitate would be to be lost; so dismounting I led the horse to an inviting "ford" to get stuck in a marshy place over my ankles. So overcome was I that I c-r-i-e-d and I cried and I cried, all in an incredibly short time, which seemed ages. Then in my desperation I gave the horse, which seemed so troubled and helpless, the lines, and plunged forward to safety, the poor animal from brute instinct following me with deep breathing and snorts of relief.

"After much of the same sort of impressions, for miles my courage returned.

"Middlefork of the Kentucky River was yet to come—yes, here it was, and in blind desperation I plunged in, the horse swimming from bank to bank in an air line—then though wet were my feet, I felt all dangers of real gravity were passed and I plucked up my courage mightily, covering

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Lexington, Kentucky

the distance between the ford or river at high tide; and now I was racing, racing, racing. Darkness enveloped me, I trusted to sureness of horse and my Maker!

"I soon discovered a light—then several—now many flickerings!

"Hyden!

"Almost stiff and exhausted I was lifted from my horse and soon was with friends, eagerly awaiting me because of my delay.

"Now that it was done I realized that it was worth much to me in strengthening my courage and faith to face other life battles in the struggle for existence".

* * * * *

The return trip of Pocahontas was without adventure, interposition or intervention—and yet an incident gives the impression of near-romance.

She had company—a man whose attentions to the most trifling incidents excited her merry peels of ringing laughter and permeated her mind and soul with mirth. Many observations were mentally noted, to which she was indifferent or blind, now left indelible photographs on her mind and daguerrotypes played fantastic tricks on her sportive fancies and unbridled imagination. Lover of flowers and birds, of shrubbery and forestry, of streams and cascades, she would be lost to see a sunburst on mountain sides glittering with prismatic gems; here dazzling lights, there shadows portentous—the whole kaleidoscopic and magnificent. Here, there, below, above, Nature's ponderous and massive grandeur of knoll and knob and hill.

Here the denuded laurel, the frosty paw-paw, the struggling red bud. Here again the hardy pleadings of the honeysuckle and the ubiquitous rhododendron. Too splendid all for description or faintest adumbration—in feeble attempted portraiture of fine writing.

* * * * *

Isolated—with a man.

Mr. ——— hearing of Pocahontas, gladly offered to be her chaperon. How nice. He—yes—he—he—he; him, him, him—this and that, et cetera.

Mr. Blank was a perfect gentleman; (and so he was), from Chicago, representing a big syndicate, leasing timber lands, oil, coal and natural gas lands. Single? Married? Forget it. His name? Mr. H—that meant what?

She laughed at the recollection of a drama by Chas. Lamb, "Mr. H." The genial "Elia" confessed after it failed

that it was an abbreviation of "Mr. Hogsflesh."

How porcine! Mr. H-eaven. Then imagination running riot innocently asked if the H in his initials J. G. H. meant heaven?

"Oh certainly not."

"The contrary?"

"Heavens! Not that bad."

Thus with bout and badinage; racing and "long-whiles" the hours flitted or flew.

After crossing the Hazard bridge over the great North Fork of the Kentucky River—they separated and Pocahontas climbed the "Hill Difficulty," leaped from the saddle and rushing into the Hazard Herald office surprised the manager by throwing on the editor's desk, (though the paper flagstaffs no editor by name) a long list of new cash "subs" taken in a romance of one day (which feat caused the cautious, editor of the Hyden Banner to exclaim "Is it p-p-p-ossible!")

It is the desire of Pocahontas to learn the printing business—the art from the bottom up, her b-u-r-n-i-n-g consuming love having its goal at the Society Editor's desk "of a great big paper like I seen once printed way off at L——n."

Our heroine received her beggarly allotment of schooling at Hindman, Kentucky, a Training Normal school.

* * * * *

Where does the medal come in? Well, patient reader, know ye not that the late editor, George Angell of Dumb Animals, Boston, left his big estate, after giving his noble life, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Well, doesn't this bold, intrepid mountain maiden deserve a medal for guiding that blind horse over forty miles to safety?

We guess—we reckon—yes.

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JAMES LAWRENCE McCOY.

James Lawrence McCoy, the handsome gentleman whose physiognomy heads this sketch, was born in Greenup county, Ky., in a more or less indefinite year (except to his most intimate friends), and was at once christened for the fellow who "didn't give up the ship," and from that day to this he has never been indicted for giving up the ship or anything else that he ever got a good grip on. Speaking seriously, Mr. McCoy was educated in the common schools of that country and time, raised on a small farm, enjoying all its character-forming pleasures and duties; taught school for four or five

years, and then entered the railway mail service from which he resigned after seven years of service.

In 1890 he went to Bell county with Hon. E. C. O'Rear, who was counsel for Elder H. Patterson and others, American and English people interested in the development of lands in most all of the mountain counties of the State. Bell county took advantage of his administrative abilities and made him superintendent of schools which position he filled with credit.

He became closely connected with Hon. D. G. Colson, Hon. Vincent Boreing and other Republican leaders, and in 1897, by the united efforts, of Col. Colson and the late lamented Sam J. Roberts, was made one of the appraisers of Indian Lands in Northern Minnesota where he remained three years, coming back to Kentucky in 1900, a memorable year in Kentucky political annals.

He was chairman of the convention at Louisa which nominated Judge O'Rear for Judge of the Court of Appeals; and he was with Mr. Yerkes when the latter made his tour of the hill section of the state in his race for Governor. The assistance of these men and Judge Boreing caused him to be appointed a Division Deputy Collector in the Eighth Collection District with headquarters at Jackson where he remained

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See J. L. McCoy, Agent, Jackson, Ky., about stock in this company which proposes to enlarge its working capital and write other lines of insurance—a safe proposition that will bring you good returns in dividends.

fourteen years; his conduct of the office being satisfactory to Judge Denton, Judge Cooper, Col. Wiseman and Hon. John W. Hughes, the latter of whom dispensed with his services on April 1st last, simply as the result of the fortunes of war.

In 1908 he was chosen by Hon. R. H. Winn, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee with the acquiescence of the other members, as vice-chairman of the Campaign Committee, and as such performed services that were satisfactory after the bitterest primary in history, which resulted in the party polling 237,000 votes for Mr. Taft. After the campaign Mr. McCoy was reappointed to his old place and held it until the time named above, losing it only as the result of the political cyclone that passed over the country in 1912, and which cyclone was the natural and inevitable result of the internal dissension found within the Republican party; differences which perhaps existed in an embryonic state within the party previous to the election and which quickly crystallized following Mr. Taft's elevation to the Presidency.

Mr. McCoy was in the midst of the "feud country" and its abnormal condition from 1902, but never became in any way connected therewith. Being a "hill-man" himself, he knows the highlander and his ways and, thinks that there are no better people in the world, though frankly telling them and all others that they have their faults, the most serious of which will pass away with time. He says it is ridiculous that people should be afraid to come to Jackson City because of conditions there, as it is one of the most hospitable towns to strangers anywhere to be found.

Mr. McCoy, while somewhat of a partisan in politics, is very charitable and considerate of the opinions of others and sees good in all parties as he does in all men. For instance in the Panama Tolls question he is with the President and those who favor repeal although it seems that the Republicans and Progressives along with many Democrats are lined up on the other side.

Mr. McCoy is a Republican who does now and always has believed in Mr. Roosevelt, and is always ready to take part in Teddy's defense no matter where the attack comes from. Mr. McCoy some years ago went to "Armageddon" and proposes to stand and battle for the Lord under whosoever and what ever banner he finds the righteous man.

He wants the Republicans to nominate Mr. Roosevelt in 1916, and expects to do all that he can in a modest way to bring about this result, in which he sees the reuniting of both branches of the party for which he has worked so many years, and both branches of which contain so many of his

best friends.

Mr. McCoy married the daughter of Dr. H. H. Lewis of Bath county, and their union has been blessed with three interesting children—children no longer now—a daughter the wife of W. Logan Shearer, Esq., of Lexington; Lewis Ayres, still single; and Edward Malcolm, who is in the same sad fix that his elder brother is in. Mr. McCoy and his wife make their home in Lexington, Ky., where they keep open house to their friends at 325 South Limestone street; but he has a very soft spot in his heart for Jackson City of which he still considers himself a loyal son and whose people he will ever number amongst his very best friends.

Mr. McCoy has, since this sketch was written, connected himself with some safe and popular financial companies (see display advertisement elsewhere) and will do what he can to disprove the general belief that men who have put in the best years of their lives in the Government Service cannot succeed at anything else. McCoy thinks different and expects to show that he can “come back” and make good.

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See McCoy and get a policy which will protect your credit, your old age or your wife and children if anything happens to you.

Perfect Protection at Moderate Cost

JUDGE J. WISE HAGINS.

I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Judge J. Wise Hagins about fifteen years ago when there was a meeting of the Kentucky Press Association held in the Court House in Lexington, and at that time he had just established the Breathitt County News, which paper had spoken some plain words with the bark on them and we were expecting to hear of the bold and intrepid editor "biting the dust" at any moment, and in consequence, he was an attractive figure of the convention. Fortunately, he never had any serious trouble with any body, and his paper carried out several reforms and wielded a powerful influence, not only in Breathitt, but in surrounding mountain counties and it was conducted successfully for a number of years until he sold it to a stock company.

He was born on Quicksand Creek, June 13, 1861, after the firing on Fort Sumpter. Judge Hagins was educated in the common schools and attended school at Mt. Sterling, Ky., and Rose Hill Virginia for seven years, when he attended Cumberland College, and took the A. B. degree. He taught one year in this college, when he returned and was elected County Clerk for three successive terms. He served two terms as County Judge. Judge Hagins was elected County Attorney in 1905 and served as Town Trustee for several terms..

His father was Wm. B. Hagins, born in the same house, on Quicksand, and his mother was Minerva Back, native of Breathitt. She died in 1911 aged 75 years; father still living aged 78 years.

Judge Hagins was licensed to practice law in 1897. His brother A. Lee Hagins was Circuit Clerk for two terms in 1892 to 1903 and he died in November 1912. Another brother D. F. Hagins was County Superintendent of schools in Breathitt county, all three having been elected in 1897 on the same ticket. Mrs. Hagins was Minerva L. Parrott, and she

DR. CHAS. C. GARR

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LEXINGTON, KY

was born in Lee County, Virginia, and for a time lived in Kingston, Madison County.

Judge Hagins has now retired from the practice of law and office holding, to a farm of 300 acres, on the rich Pan Bowl and has become a horticulturist. He put out 1600 fruit trees several years ago, now ready to bear, apple, peach, pear, plum, and he also has a fine chestnut grove. He has spraying machines. Since then twenty other large orchards have been set out by G. W. "Bud" Sewell, Miles Back and others.

Judge Hagins built the Arlington Hotel and conducted it from 1893 to 1902 when he sold it to Judge S. S. Taulbee, and it was afterward destroyed by fire. Judge Hagins took a trip to California in 1906. Now that he is only a little the rise of fifty and in good health, will the good people let him stay retired?

They have no heirs and Mrs. Hagins is an invalid who keeps her home a beautiful residence on the Heights.

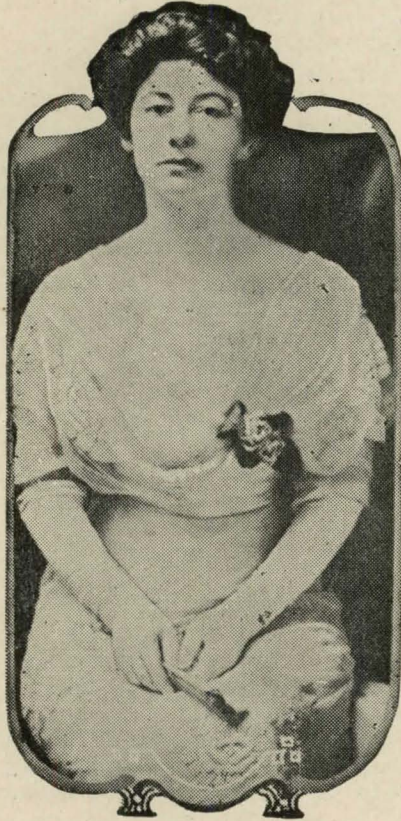
POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS

It is not strange that Chicago Editors have mistaken notions about our people and our geography when they are so common at home. It is less than one hundred miles by rail—and two trains daily—from Lexington, the county seat of Fayette county to Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt county, and at one time Breathitt county was a part of one of the richest counties in the rich Blue Grass zone; and yet we find an attorney for this same railroad in an address referring to "Darkest Breathitt county," which he had never visited; nor did he know that this railroad had been running into Jackson for a quarter of a century—the feud being of a later date by a decade; nor did he know that Mrs. Lees of New York and Mrs. McCormick of Chicago had endowed a college there ante-dating the "family troubles" from which the entire outside world is free and which trouble, it is believed, is ended forever. Is it any wonder that a Chicago Editor in writing about Lincoln says, "He was a mountain rail-splitter from the feudal districts," when Lincoln was born west of Lexington way down in Hardin county—we used to say Hardin—as the cabin in which Abe was said to have been born was "on the line" between Hardin and Larue counties, but the farm "deadened over" in Larue and now everybody says Larue as the Lincoln Memorial was erected at Hodgenville—and the "Lincoln Way" takes one there. It would be hard to tell now just where the Lincoln Cabin stood, for many years ago an enterprising "showman" removed it and was on a tour of the East exhibiting it when Editor Collier,

to stop the "scandal" bought out the thrifty showman and restored it to the farm.

HUMORIST FORERUNNER.

Thomas Hood, great English wit and humorist and poet, once wrote an essay on "Better Late Than Never," and he illustrated his humor with rude wood cuts. In this essay we have a lot of senile and bald "codgers" learning to spell at 70 years. The youthful teacher has one of the wavy beard



MRS. CORA WILSON STEWART.

scholars sitting on a three-legged stool with a dunce's cap on his head and another way-back number standing up for not knowing his lesson. This "skit" of Hood's doubtless gave Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart of Rowan county a practical idea

on education, for over in Rowan county moonshine stills have given way—practically—to “moonshine schools” for all ages, and illiteracy is wiped out; everybody can read and write except of course, the idiots and incapables.

Bravo! Kentucky woman; Bravo! Shade of Thos. Hood! An essay to raise a laugh—and a laugh for enlightening the world. Now after illiteracy is wiped out in Kentucky mountains let Mrs. Mountain School Teacher go “Mothering” down to Boston.

Hood used his matchless gift—the imagination—Madam Pedagogue prospered by it and she too now has a niche in the Hall of Fame.

Wasn't it Jules Verne who gave Langley the idea of the aeroplane, which the Wright Bros. perfected? And yet there are otherwise sensible persons who boast that they never read poetry or fiction.

Imagination beats “facts” a block in the world's progress.

Think of “The Old Benchers” of Elia (Charles Lamb). They could read and enjoy the shady side of life. How many poor old creatures can only sit and smoke and chew and sniff and grumble because they can't read.

THE DARIUS GREENS WERE THE PIONEERS IN AVIATION.

The discovery of one drop of gasoline, with the Edison spark attached meant the gasoline engine, the motor cycle to annihilate distance, the automobile, the weightier than air—Vedrone astride his “snake doctor” going two miles a minute—Education. We have it but we still have stumbling blocks—orthodoxy in common schools—fanatic cranks, gargoyles priests of hide-bound Protestantism who put stumbling blocks ahead of children—Catholic children; Jewish children; Jeffersonian children—excluding them from the common school by teachers of the Methodist bias teaching that rank form of superstition. Give us complete separation of church and state and see what real—not sham—education will do for The Young American who knows no race, no creed in his great Amalgamation. The Mountains of Eastern Kentucky need no outside help for education—instead they

DR. L. C. SMITHER

WILMORE,

KENTUCKY

are sending money to "enlighten" the "Person Who Sits in Darkness(?)" so-called, and hence mountain counties build \$30,000 common schools like Breathitt county, Perry county and Letcher county resent clerical beggars with itching palms passing the hat to educate "Three millions of poor, ignorant mountaineers." Absurd statistics; a fraud, for all the "non-sectarian schools" built that way are now Presbyterian-controlled, or Methodist-controlled, or Baptist-controlled, or Catholic-controlled, etc.

Teachers—false teachers who, however happily, do not get it to "take"—as we say of vaccination—for the great asset. Common sense and Reason is possessed by all Highlanders of Virginia and North Carolina ancestry; false teachers who know not too often how to teach the eighth grade, teaching school children the Edenic parable and the Flood myth and the Christ fiction as literal facts together with crude gospel songs—sung however, often to inspiring music; but no "America," no "Star Spangled Banner"; Presbyterian creed—rewards of one dollar for "scholars" to memorize it together with its "picture" of the God idea, which is a perfect picture of Nothing; without form and void; without body or parts; neglecting history of our political science or good government.

But mountain boys and girls read newspapers and "break" through the superstition soon to the effulgence of civilization.

Bravo to Mrs. Wilson who refuses to be tempted to abandon her noble work of abolishing illiteracy in Kentucky till her mission is ended. Although the band of Fame burns on her noble brow, she—like Charlotte of Werter—goes on—goes on—common sense woman that she is—"cutting bread and butter."

DR. G. H. WILSON

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Phone 756-x

LEXINGTON, KY.

J. FRANKLIN WALLACE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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LEXINGTON,

KENTUCKY

JACKSON NEROIZED.

I see the new Jackson City, in my mind's eye, rising, with Plaza on Broadway to new Federal Building, to replace burnt district; skyscrapers to rise on site of fire-traps and death-traps; fine churches to replace the little, cramped ones burned, because the fire, said one, reminded him of the burning of Rome by Nero—no water; but plenty of whisky; and even the company of soldiers was "unable" to assist—all save three privates. When it was seen that the shack part of Jackson was doomed, it was turned into an orgie, and the two churches which a half-dozen sober fire-fighters, with buckets, could have saved, went up from sheer neglect. There were some brave and intrepid men, however, who worked manfully, and one of them, South Strong, came near losing his life; was badly injured in attempting to check the fire by blowing up a building with powder and dynamite.

Behold, you will soon see a new and a greater Jackson, which Hays and Hammon say they will build—fire insurance agents.

That's significant.

HUNTING AND FISHING.

At certain times up here fishing is fine and it would be better if the Fish Warden could apprehend all of the violators, with traps and nets and barbarous dynamite, so destructive to small fish and eggs.

These forests of timber are literally alive with squirrels, and rabbits are thick and increase almost as rapidly as Belgians, who produce young every six weeks.

The early hunters have no trouble in bagging quail—partridges a-plenty all the way over both railroad lines east of Winchester and Richmond.

MOUNTAIN ILLUMINATION.

Within a year McRoberts and Jenkins will be the coke ovens of the world—and their fires will illuminate the heavens for miles and miles—Jenkins, "the over night town" between Cincinnati and Louisville and Washington.

DR. S. B. MARKS

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PHONE 41

-:-

LEXINGTON, KY.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

I hear of another budding mountain author a candidate for fame besides the Author Mutzenberg, who writes of feuds, tragedies and crimes—Josiah H. Combs, who is now practicing law in Louisville, but like Author Haney I have been unable to find any trace of his "works."

I know a woman writer whom I predict is going to take high rank in mountain authorship according to my poor judgment. She gives evidences of talent of a high order. Her descriptive powers surpass Fox and her ideals are lofty—Mrs. Wells, of Highland College, on Puncheon Creek.

I had the pleasure of reading one of her essays two years ago published by the now defunct Soul Winners' Society. Her husband is the Principal and her sister, Mrs. Flower, is the art and music teacher. They are none of them "manor born," but loyal by adoption.

I hear of a Jackson attorney who once wrote a booklet, but I never saw a copy of it, nor have I been able to get hold of the theme of the treatise; but I hear that it did not pertain to the mountains nor to Kentucky, so I lost interest in it and gave up my quest. The author is Colonel A. H. Patton, well known to readers of the Kentucky press on account of his defense of men charged with the "removal" of ex-Sheriff Ed Callahan, and his remarkable success as a criminal lawyer for the defense always. His success before juries has for the nonce, it seems, eclipsed his literary ambition.

LEES COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Lees Collegiate Institute was founded by Rev. J. J. Dickey, now of Hutchison, Ky., in 1884, as Jackson Academy, and was chartered by the Legislature of Kentucky with powers that allowed an indefinite expansion of the curriculum and influence. Financial losses caused the company which had been formed to conduct the institution to sell their holdings, at which time Dr. L. H. Blanton, who was then Chancellor of Central University, not as an investment, but for the benefit of the youth of Breathitt County and the surrounding territory. It was conducted with a marked degree of success for more than ten years as an adjunct to the University, large sums having been given every year by Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Susan P. Lees, of New York. In 1897 Mrs. Lees placed the school on a firm foundation for the balance of her life by large donations, and the name was changed to The S. P. Lees Collegiate Institute. There was never a deficit as long as Mrs. Lees lived, and on her death she bequeathed the institu-

tion \$15,000 as an endowment fund, some of which was used necessarily to pay inheritance tax; and other expenses left the fund about \$12,000 when the school was turned over to the present management. Mrs. McCormick had already built the south wing of the present commodious building and finished the class rooms and placed in the basement a fine manual training plant, which was used so long as Mrs. McCormick supplied the means to pay the heavy expense of such a plant. An effort is making now to reopen this department and give an opportunity of training the hand as well as the head.

When the two Presbyterian Colleges of Kentucky were consolidated in 1901, the agreement specified that the Institute should be transferred to the Synod of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Kentucky as soon as the times were propitious for such a change. This time came in October, 1906, when Lees Collegiate Institute was chartered as an independent corporation, the incorporators pledging themselves not to conduct the school for any private pecuniary gain, but as a secondary school of high class for the education of boys and girls. The trustees were to be elected by the Synod, which has

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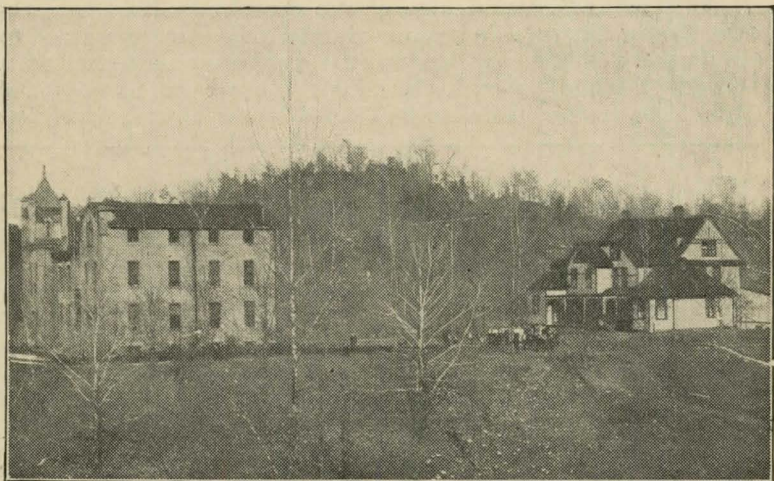
LOUIS PILCHER

No. 136 W. Short St.

LEXINGTON, KY

been done in every case, and the church to take an oversight of the work as a whole. Central University gave the new corporation a deed to the grounds and equipment of every kind, and it is now conducted as a church institution, to be sure, but for the benefit of all who will take advantage of the opportunity to advance. The school is compelled to charge tuition fees, but they cover only about two-thirds of the actual expense of instruction. A sufficient endowment fund is greatly needed to enlarge the plant and give additional tuition to worthy pupils who are unable to go away to school.

The long list of those who have been educated in one degree or another in the Institute bears witness to the good and lasting work that has been done and is still being done by those who have put in their money without hope of any financial return whatever.



McCormick Chapel in South Jackson also belongs to the corporation of Lees Collegiate Institute, being first used for school purposes for the children of the mining population in South Jackson, but now used for evangelistic and Sunday school purposes. It has in its time been of great benefit to the people of that quarter of town, it being a settled rule of the management that only men with actual authority to preach shall use the building, thus providing for the people a reliable worship.

* Lees Collegiate Institute is sure to be an important factor in the future development of Jackson.

PROPOSED MONSTROUS LEGISLATION

The Monster Greed is beginning to show his bloody teeth in Eastern Kentucky the colossal coal combinations, and it means mischief. The Slempts, and the Camdens and their allies, not satisfied with monopolies and Pluck 'Em Commissaries—Thou Shalt Not Steal—have proposed a bill in Congress—which amounts to robbery by statute; scientific thievery. Not satisfied with gobbling up everything in coal and oil and gas in Virginia and West Virginia they would now like to "grab" the eighteen thousand square miles of bituminous coal fields in Eastern Kentucky, by a measure which will compel individual owners to sell their lands, and at Trust prices whether they desire to do so or not.

There is going to be trouble up there as it is, and when it comes the strikes in West Virginia and Pennsylvania and Colorado will be tame in comparison, for these Kentuckians are noted for markesmanship and they are not afraid to hit the mark. Kentucky, so far, has escaped emeutes, riots, strike fights, violence, bloodshed and civil strife—but it is sure to come in Eastern Kentucky, as sure as organization comes, and with it the Right to Strike.

It would take a regiment of Regulars to dislodge a company of Kentucky miners in their mountain fastnesses and natural fortifications. They are not yet organized, but they soon will be. The Appeal to Reason and the Menace are going there by the hundreds and soon they will see the extortion as practiced on them in exhorbitant prices to keep them enslaved. Kentucky legislators should pass laws forbidding coal combinations from dealing in merchandise or issuing scrip for money, as is provided, and wisely, in the Constitutions of Oklahoma and Arizona and New Mexico where there is free competition; the miners often engaging in merchandising, allaying this source of discontent. Short-sighted monopolists ought to see this.

Slemp is a Republican Congressman. They would corral all the valuable gifts of nature to all the children of men in esse and in posse to exploit the owners to their selfish ends; to Greed.

I hear through John R. Williamson of Lexington that publishers of magazines and newspapers have been subsidized with "watered stocks" to catch the "suckers" all over the country.

It is significant that one of the many new mining towns is named "Wayland."

I'd like to have a piece of the rope prepared for the au-

thor of the proposed monstrous legislation and for every supporter of it.

Let them put their millions in there. There is a limit.

Some day (didn't the Congressional Committee recommend that the only way to end the trouble in Pennsylvania and West Virginia would be for the Government to "take over" all coal lands and work them for the benefit of all the people?) these fellows will find their ill-gotten gains confiscated just as the Terrazas family and the other Mexican land grabbers found themselves—across the border in El Paso, Texas, glad that their necks are secure—the enslaved peons now with the Master Hand a-top.

When the French Revolution broke with its fury one-half the public domain was held in mort main; in a dead hand—the Catholic Church.

It had to "cough-up"—but not till 270,000 heads had been severed from 270,000 bodies rendering France nearly acephalous. It was an awful spectacle but it secured liberty and justice and equity to France for all time.

Will we prosper by the example? Will we be blind to the great lessons of history?

What care they for the bloodshed or the shivering and freezing women and children?

Thos. Jefferson says that "the Earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the living."

Shall a few misappropriate it to their own selfish ends? Will the miners submit tamely? We reckon not!

We know them too well.

There is on the map of the Consolidation Coal Company a spot marked "Not for Sale." None of their vast possessions are for sale. This spot they failed to "gobble" from individual owners and some day it will be a thorn in the side of the Great Rhinoceros.

The Bill pending is to force everybody to sell and clutch all the lands and exploit all the people.

Representative Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, whose district embraces enormous coal fields, made the charge that the pending antitrust legislation, which has the Administration's backing, would open the doors to the formation of a coal monopoly in the United States such as the world has never seen. Powers issued a statement in which he says: "We have in Southeastern Kentucky over 10,000 square miles of bituminous coal territory. The Western coal field of Kentucky has over 6,000 square miles, making over 16,000 square miles of bituminous coal. There are only 14,000 square

miles in the entire state of Pennsylvania. So it can be readily seen that the state of Kentucky is vitally concerned in Section 3 of the pending bill. Under its provisions I see nothing to prevent any of the great moneyed interests of this country from buying up, under compulsion, the entire coal output of Southeastern Kentucky or of any other section of this great section. The significance of this legislation is perfectly amazing. It is proposed by this bill to give the great moneyed interests of this country the questioned right and authority to buy up, without any power on the part of the owner to refuse, the entire coal output of the country.

Now there may be a better way for Americans out of it than by "taking over" by confiscation, by Revolution such as was necessary in Chihuahau, Mexico.

Henry George's single tax is workable, but it was left to New Zealand to solve the land problem by peaceful methods.

The air, the water and the land all should be held in common for the use and benefit of all the people all the time.

These thousands of acres of newly discovered lands ought to be pre-empted by the Government and held or at least operated by Federal authority for all the people.

See what the "aliens" have already "grabbed," not counting what is under option; 250,000 acres in Letcher County and the railroad only got to McRoberts, the terminus January, 1913, and over 100,000 acres under option. Of course the poor mountain dwellers have had their eyes cheated out of their heads by these Virginia and Pennsylvania coal sharks. They lived for years and years by cutting down a forest tree and floating it down the river to market.

The richest and best coal field in the United States bartered for a song. Seven foot veins of coal. Ten million tons of coal can be mined a year for 100 years, before the Consolidation exhausts its supply on 100,000 acres in a single county in South Eastern Kentucky! In Letcher county at Jenkins and McRoberts.

The lands of the Elkhorn Coal Co., which is not an operating company, but a speculative one, are valued at \$30,000,000 in stock, preferred and common, and first mortgage five-year convertible notes, \$19,000 common!

DR. F. L. JUETT

Office 160 North Broadway

Phone 646

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LEXINGTON, KY

C. N. Manning of Lexington, in a pamphlet gives the technical side of these coal, oil and gas lands and shows that some such lands in Pennsylvania have sold as high as \$1,000 per acre.

Heretofore for timber rights, land owners, not counting other rights it gives, were glad to get \$10 or \$12 an acre.

Without a protest of a single press editor this, the most gigantic swindle of the age, was perpetrated in the name of Progress and Development; but rather were these Editors aiders and abettors, many of them with itching palms doubtless having been "scratched" with "watered stocks" corroborating John R. Williamson's statement to me.

The question is simply this: Is the Federal Government to control these mines, or Wall Street?

Colonel W. D. Pickett, of Campsie street, Lexington, says Kentucky ought to control the vast natural wealth; Kentucky Capital had a deadening case of somnolence and lost its opportunity; it was sleepy sick.

Perhaps, after all, it was a good thing that the capitalists of Kentucky had "sleepy sickness," and didn't invest in the stock of these West Virginians—for they might never have seen dividends therefrom.

The people of this Republic, at no far distant day, in the future, are going to prosper by the example of these tremendous combinations. The Federal Government will own or control them; will "take them over" or "reclaim" them, and conduct them for the use and benefit of all the people for all time.

There will be penalties in fines to get back the millions of dollars wrongfully wrong from the public, by criminal tribute levied by the malefactors of wealth.

Thus in the end Standard Oil, and all such systematized organizations which have done what competition could never have done; serve a good purpose. Thus the reasoning of the Appeal to Reason and Elbert Hubbard is justified in their logic, that Monopolies, thus conducted, are good things; to teach the Government how to do it.

Mr. Desha Breckinridge, Editor of the Lexington Herald, thus sounds a note of warning to those Wallingfords, who would get-rich-quick by investing in coal companies:

"One of the most frequent comments we hear in any discussion of Eastern Kentucky is an expression by those whose attention has been recently directed to that region that they did not make investments there a number of years ago, and inquiries as to the possibilities of investment now.

* * * * * An enormous amount of money has been lost through investments in coal lands, or in lands supposed to be coal lands, in Eastern Kentucky.

Thousands of dollars have been spent for the purchase of lands in Eastern Kentucky that are still inaccessible and cannot, therefore, be developed until other railroads are built.

No man can buy land at haphazard with any certainty that from that purchase profit will be made, nor should any man invest in coal lands, or in the securities of coal companies, with the expectation of quickly securing fabulous profits

* * * * * While there are still as many opportunities for profitable investments as there were five years ago, there are also equally as many opportunities for bad investments, and there are no opportunities "to get rich quick" through investments either in lands or in securities of coal companies."

Government ownership, or control, would put a clasper on the terrorizing waste by capitalistic greed of our natural resources. Our natural wealth is ruthlessly wasted to satisfy insatiable and criminal greed. Timber is burned and none replanted; coal mines by thousands are left ruined.

There is yet time for the land owners of Kentucky coal fields to check the fellows who want to buy your valuable lands or tie them up on options at Jew John prices.

Freeze to your lands. You can live. Timber soars higher and higher. You who are so short-sighted as to sell out, will have to get out. Where can you go to better your condition? When the law is passed to force you to sell whether or no, make it "hot" for the fellows who come to get your signature and that for your wife!

Miners, attention! Organize!

This inherent and inalienable right is conceded or else labor would be at the mercy of their masters, and labor would be enslaved.

PROGRAMME.

After delivering books to Jackson patrons I go to Beatyville, Ky., to write

LEE HUFFMAN, D. D. S.

Telephone 695, Fayette National Bank Building

LEXINGTON,

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KENTUCKY

"The Story of
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

The Charmed City of a Thousand and One En-
chantments; and Legions of Devils."

Table of Contents—Colleges, The Horse, Whiskey, Shetland Ponies, Lexington Brewery, the Tobacco "Worm," Sports, The Goddess of Chance, Hotels, Churches, Hemp Industry, City Ja (The Whited Sepulchre); Ashland, Monuments, Knights of Pythias Home and Farm, Fraternal Orders, Y. M. I., Columbian Knights, Hospital for the Insane, House of Mercy, Red Light District, Women's Clubs, Theatres, Parks, Libraries, Bakeries, Wholesale Merchants, Allied Printing Trades, Newspapers, Tobacco Warehouses and Redrying plants, Saloons, Restaurants, Professional, Cooper Shops, Residences, Tragedies, Negroes, Literature and Art, Graft and Greed, Crime, Tuberculosis, Sherley Crest, Tax-paying Asses, "Sky-Scrapers," Engineers Gunn and Pickett, Audubon society, Trees, forest, fruit and ornamental; Court Day, Police Court (antiquated) run for profit, the "Camorra", chute, for whites and negroes, males and females; Organized labor, Florists, Horticulturists, Prof. Angus Neal Gordon, Garages, Railroads, Traction, Street Railway (no "Jim Crow"); Ice Plants, Artificial Stone Ballast Mills, Characters, Auctioneers, Custom House and Post Office, Electric Light and Power, Market House, Cemeteries, Bankers, Irish Town,

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PILCHER'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Never before in my long career as a publisher and editor of newspapers or magazines or books did I ever take a saloon advertisement or a distillery advertisement or a brewery advertisement.

I have always voted against the sale of spiritous, venous

Eastern Kentuckians

When in Lexington Stop with

BEN. BAILEY

BOARDING AND LODGING

HOTEL

*Don't Go Through The Gates at Union Station,
But walk half a block, and save money*

RATES MODERATE \$100 PER DAY

Near Corner of Vine and S. Limestone Streets
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

and malt liquors; always voted against licenses of saloons, always spoke against the curse; but I have, in my last two books, been unwittingly advertising saloons in taking the advertisements of the LeLand Hotel and the Phoenix Hotel; so this time I let the bars down to Restaurants and Cafes which make the saloon the prominent feature like the Royal and the Berlin and the Criterion, etc., or D. J. Hickey's ample saloon, but big dining rooms and other rooms for lodgers, and hence this time, to emphasize the new departure, I took saloon advertisements and barrel houses which can't sell less than a quart, and if you will read these advertisements you will see that the new law gives them the right to ship their "goods" into "dry" territory for "personal use;" and hence with wholesalers prepared to ship bottled in bond whiskies and beers there is "no excuse for the American Saloon" and its Wine Rooms which contribute to the delinquency of young girls; no excuse for licensing saloons with gambling annexes.

What excuse have I for taking saloon advertisements at this stage of the game? None whatever save that I need the money and for the pleasure of a new thrill in the battle of life. I want to get the best of these whiskey "devils" once—the money a sort of "rebate" as it were, for hasn't Old John Barleycorn always levied tribute on me and my plethoric purse? I have always been on the wrong side of the ledger and the wrong side of the counter, and so I may yet reform and make a model saloonist of myself. Who knows? Stranger things have happened in my eventful life.

PILCHER TO REVIVE HIS LEXINGTON DEMOCRAT.

It is my purpose to revive my Lexington Democrat which was volume 11, No. 3, as a Sunday paper, when the Morning Democrat was organized. The same political conditions exist now: Lexington has no Democratic newspaper. The Herald has been Independent when it was not Republican. It will bolt our present Congressman Campbell Cantrill, should

J. A. EDGE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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LEXINGTON, KY.

he again be renominated.

I cannot now set the date for the initial issue, but it will be in time for the November election, I hope.

A CATCH-ALL.

I fear this publication is getting to be an omnium gatherum as it has announced my programmes generally, there being only two secrets not yet revealed.

THE B— G———T BOOK.

Some of my pious friends like Doctor Henry Clay Morrison of Wilmore, Ky., "Come-outer," "Nazarene" bunch of sanctificationists, will doubtless think this a helva book.

Elder Blank of Louisville meeting Elder Powell said: "I've just finished that thar extr'o'd'nary book you lent me and it's the er, the er—"

"Spit it out!"

"It's the"—he wanted to say 'goddamnedest' with no profanity meant—"the—excuse me Doctor—the bygodest book extant."

I'm not afraid that any of the hale, hearty, healthy, hopeful, happy tribe of Eastern Kentucky will be shocked to death or call for "extreme unction" whatever that is, as a result of this publication which I do not copyright nor enter in the United States Mail, for fear of indictment—that drag-net "misuse" of which offense the Saturday Evening Post, and George Ade are guilty every week—blasphemy.

Nobody knows what that is, but it is said to be "The sin against the Holy Ghost"—whatever that is, and nobody knows.

I know what blasphemy is, and I do not know of but one man who achieved the enviable distinction of committing it—in a literary way and that fresh corpse was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known to the world as "Mark Twain" and he never published his blasphemy, par excellence, it being found by his fool biographer. I think it was a piece of literary

experiment, he being a poseur, and never meant to be published. No sentence by Schopenhauer is comparable with it for gall and pessimism. He wrote: "There was never a child born into this world whose begetting was not a crime."

Mark forget Jesus Christ, and Richard Harding Davis, and me.

VALE!

I want to "Go Back" to Jackson City.

If I "treated" the feuds and the origin of feuds—I didn't intend to give this profound secret away—the wagging tongues of scandal—I might "go back," but if I Peter Grimmed it, or Rip Van Winkled it, I would "Come back" feetsies foremost.

THE REGIONAL SALOON

G. W. ALCORN, Prop.

Dependable Brands
OF AGED

Whiskies,
ines,

Cordials,
Brandies,

—AND—
FOR SALE:

FINE BRANDS OF
IMPORTED CIGARS
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JUNG and WIEDEMAN'S
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Prompt Attention
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LEXINGTON, KY.

THE OPENING OF AN EMPIRE

[Editorial by Editor Desha Breckinridge in the Lexington Morning Herald, Wednesday, May 20, 1914, in which is masterly told the story in a nutshell which I have futilely attempted to depict in over an hundred pages.]

We have just returned from a trip which we wish every citizen of Kentucky could and would take. From the standpoint of information, of interest and of pleasure, it is one of the most delightful trips that a Kentuckian can possibly take.

Three years ago the Lexington & Eastern Railroad stopped at Jackson, Breathitt County; the Big Sandy division of the Chesapeake & Ohio extended only to Elk Horn City; between the terminus of the Lexington & Eastern and the terminus of the Big Sandy division of the C. & O., a distance of one hundred and forty miles, was a railroad desert. The illimitable supply of coal underlying the mountains, on which stand apparently inexhaustible forests of hard wood timber, was utterly 'inaccessible. But little different from the condition in which Boone, Crockett and their companions found that country, when they blazed the way from Virginia to the Dark and Bloody Ground, was this empire, underlaid with coal sufficient to supply the world, crowned with forests surpassing any in the State.

Not within a hundred years had there been any increase in the population. The more virile, vigorous, intelligent of the men had scaled the mountains and gone out through the passes to the lowlands, in many cases winning high success and achieving wide reputation, but leaving upon others the burden of existence in the mountain fastness from which they escaped.

He would have been a rash prophet who three years ago would have attempted to draw a picture of the change in these mountains within so short a time. The Lexington & Eastern has been extended from Jackson one hundred miles; its terminus is now McRoberts, a town built within the past three years. Through Shelby Gap, up the Elkhorn

thirty-five miles, a railroad has been built to Jenkins, where there are over seven thousand people, and from which is daily shipped thousands of tons of coal.

McRoberts, the terminus of the Lexington & Eastern on the west, and Jenkins, the terminus of the Baltimore & Ohio on the east, are but five miles apart. Instead of an untraveled wilderness between these railroads there is now a macadam roadway across the mountain, over which motor cars make hourly trips. New towns have sprang up as in a night, the very names of which are unknown to many of us of Central Kentucky, so much more rapid has been their growth than has been our groping intelligence.

* * * * *

Wayland, Jenkins, McRoberts, Fleming, Hemphill, Garrett—who of the readers of The Herald know of these towns that have sprung up as if by magic in these mountain counties? Who realize that there have come into these mountains an immigration in numbers greater than all the residents of Fayette County? Who appreciate that from the veins of coal that three years ago were as inaccessible as the coal beds of Alaska there are now being shipped millions of tons a year? How many of the people of Central Kentucky have even the dimmest conception of the wealth that has been poured with lavish hands, guided, however, by wise judgment, into these mountains to secure the coal that is now admitted to be the best coal produced in America?

Not hundreds of thousands, not millions only, but tens of millions of dollars have been spent by the railroads to secure the tonnage, and other millions by the coal companies to furnish the tonnage which the railroads sought so earnestly. Up streams that it seemed almost impossible that even a mule could go, through mountains over which a goat only could climb the railroads have penetrated the mountain fastness and are today carrying out train load after train load of coal that is unequalled.

It is difficult to write in moderate terms of what has been, what is being and what is going to be done in that region. All the world yields admiration to the Government of the United States for the completion of the Panama Canal. Promptly, efficiently, honestly, the representatives of the Government, with unlimited wealth at their command, completed the task in the completion of which the French nation failed ingloriously| Greater than the accomplishment in dig-

ging the ditch to join the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific is the accomplishment of the work done in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. And yet it was done without the blare of trumpets, without the acclaim even of the people of the State that will benefit most by its accomplishment.

* * * * *

As far as we know it is the only great industrial undertaking that has been inaugurated and accomplished since the panic of 1907. It marks, as far as we are aware, the only material extension of railroad lines, and the only great development of natural resources, accomplished in the past seven years. It is impossible to convey an adequate conception of what has been accomplished to one who has not seen with his own eyes the work that has been and noted the work that is being done. From the smallest to the most important detail equal attention seems to have been given. Nothing has been overlooked, nor has expense been spared to provide for the most economical mining of the coal. Nothing has been overlooked, nor has expense been spared to provide for the health, the comfort and the pleasure of those who mine the coal.

A model bakery, a model abattoir, an unfailing supply of pure potable water, provisions for recreation, schools as good as any in the State, a hospital the equal of any, Young Men's Christian Associations with every provision for the wholesome entertainment not only of the men but of the women, are some of the features of the development, the purpose of which is to secure and retain the most efficient and reliable miners.

Wonderful as has been the development of the past three years, the development has in fact but begun, the mere surface is but scratched. We hope the people of Lexington, of Central Kentucky, of Louisville, will quickly become familiar with that section. Eastern capital has done what has been done; Kentucky capital has as yet participated but little in this development that in largest measure was due to the imagination, the foresight, the honest intent, the genius of a mountain man—John Mayo, who long years ago foresaw with the prescience of a prophet the development of his highlands, and worked for that development with the constant and never failing enthusiasm of the practical man of affairs.

He lived to see a firm foundation laid for the ultimate development his genius foresaw. But it is only the foundation that has been laid; the fu-

ture will see a growth as wonderful in comparison with the present as has been the change wrought in the past three years.

* * * * *

All of that territory this side of the mountain which separates the termini of the Lexington & Eastern and the Baltimore & Ohio, by reason of natural lines of trade is tributary to Lexington. There should be closer terms between the people of the Blue Grass and the people of the mountains; such terms will come with greater familiarity between these sections. With better train service, with greater facilities to take care of the trade of the mountains, there should come such cordial relations between the mountains and the Blue Grass that Central Kentucky will help furnish the capital to develop the mountains, and in return the mountains will pour into the Blue Grass an unceasing and constantly increasing stream of wealth.

* * * * *

In an article published after a visit to Jenkins and McRoberts last year, we told of the building of those towns, and the development of the property of the Consolidation Coal Company. We should like now to tell something of the development of the lands of the Elk Horn Fuel Company, under lease to the Elk Horn Mining Corporation, and yet we feel unable so to do. It is beyond our power of description to picture what was a few years since, what is now, and what will be within the next few years.

There is certainly no coal in America, probably none in the world, equal to the Elk Horn coal. The secretary of one of the largest gas companies in Europe after a thorough trial of the Elk Horn coal wrote: "I am sending below figures indicating its qualities for gas manufacture, and I am informed by our chief engineer that it is in all respects a highly excellent coal, superior to any that we have ever obtained from other sources of supply." Last year after a thorough test one of the largest users of coking coal in America gave an order for a million tons of this new coal.

The Elk Horn Fuel Company owns 265,535 acres and has under option 50,000 acres additional, making a total of 315,535 acres. Of this principality there is at present developed but a fraction. The Elk Horn Mining Corporation has a lease on twenty-five thousand acres owned by the Elk Horn Fuel Company, twenty thousand acres of which are in Floyd and

Knott counties on the waters of the North and West Forks of Beaver Creek, and four thousand five hundred acres in Letcher County on the waters of Boone Fork of the Kentucky River.

The development on Beaver Creek in Floyd and Knott counties is larger than the development in Letcher County, and from it the Elk Horn Company expects to ship twice as much coal over the Chesapeake & Ohio as it will ship from Letcher County over the Lexington & Eastern and the Louisville & Nashville. But as the development in Letcher County is within easy access of Lexington it is of more immediate interest to Central Kentucky.

* * * * *

The town of Fleming is the center of the production of the Elk Horn Mining Corporation in Letcher County. There are located there some five hundred houses, all erected within the last year. At Fleming are located two of the six mines which the Elk Horn Company has opened in Letcher; two others are located at Hemphill and two at Hayman, all within a few miles of each other. From these mines, the development of which began less than a year ago, there are already being shipped some hundreds of tons a day; within a year the company will be shipping thousands of tons a day, it being the expectation and intention of the officers of the company to ship a million of tons a year from the mines in Letcher and some two millions of tons from the mines in Floyd and Knott counties.

* * * * *

Some faint idea, but only a faint idea, of what this development will mean can be obtained by those who now visit that region. From Fleming on down to Jackson the Lexington & Eastern is building spurs, extending its tracks, and providing the facilities to care for an annual output of many times the present output from the mines now opened. It is a conservative estimate that within five years five millions of tons of coal will be shipped from the mines this side of the divide between the waters of the Kentucky and the Big Sandy, and ten millions of tons a year from the other side of that divide.

* * * * *

Hazard, where there are now some half dozen operations, which has increased in population many times in the past few years; Whitesburg,

where there are other developments; creeks on which today there are no developments, and along which there are few habitations, will within that five years become as populous as that section of which Fleming is the center. And we of Central Kentucky should endeavor to become so acquainted with that section that we may be of service to it and it to us, for only through mutual service can there come mutual benefit.

